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JUDGE ORVIS DENIES OWNING BREWERY STOCK

Also Says, If Re-elected, Would Not be Eligible to Pension.

BUILDS ORGANIZATION

Letter to Personal Friends Asks Them to Serve as Committeemen in Non-Partisan Organization to Re-elect Him Judge.

In a letter addressed in the last few days to a number of personal friends, Judge Orvis asks them to serve as committeemen in a non-partisan organization being promoted to advance his candidacy for re-election. In the same letter Judge Orvis enters a flat denial of rumors that he owned, now or in the past, any interest in any brewery or distillery. The Judge also requests friends who are asked to serve in his new non-partisan organization to make it known that his re-election will not make him eligible to a pension at the expiration of the term.

The letter, from what may be learned, was addressed to a selected list of citizens, chiefly if not exclusively Democrats, who take a more or less active hand in politics. To what extent the proposed "non-partisan organization" is to be advanced is not revealed in the letter. The primary purpose of the letter, it would seem, was to interest active Democrats in the Orvis candidacy and also to fortify them with information for handy use in case of emergency. In outlining the plan for a "non-partisan organization," Judge Orvis writes:—

"The present Judicial campaign is of vital importance to all citizens of our county and therefore demands serious consideration and careful organization. I request you, as my personal friend, to act as a committeeman in a non-partisan organization, for your school district as well as your borough or township. In making this request, I wish to add that I deeply appreciate your friendship and assistance in this campaign."

In concluding the foregoing Judge Orvis asks that the committeemen make house-to-house canvasses and keep him posted on how the voters stand.

The greater part of his letter Judge Orvis devotes to details of rumors circulated by some of his opponents, and it is these denials that the committeemen are requested to make known to their friends while asking for votes. One rumor started some time ago by opponents of Judge Orvis was that if re-elected he would not only have served twenty-one years on the bench but would then retire on a fat pension. Another rumor quietly circulated by his enemies had it that the Judge had a direct or indirect interest in some brewery, supposedly the St. Marys Brewery. Denying both rumors Judge Orvis, in his letter to committeemen, said:—

"In reply to some unfounded rumors, you can tell every one unhesitatingly and fearlessly, that my election will not, under the law, make me eligible to a pension, even should I survive my term of office. In the same way you may positively deny, that either now or at any time previous, have I had any interest, direct or indirect, in any brewery, distillery or other business having any connection, however remote, with the manufacture or sale of intoxicants."

After disposing of these matters Judge Orvis in his letter advances other points to be used in his favor by his committeemen. For instance, he says:

"My candidacy must rest upon my efficiency and record in the several courts of this and other counties of the State as well as in the Supreme and Superior Courts. In this respect I know of no other Judge so fortunate, however eminent he might be, as the Supreme Court has reversed my Judicial action but once, and that upon a novel question never before decided in Pennsylvania. In addition, never before in the history of Centre County, has the work of our Courts been brought so completely up to date, nor has it ever been possible before the present to try all cases at the next term to which they may be brought, if the parties themselves are prepared."

By way of urging committeemen to extend their influence to as many voters as possible, Judge Orvis emphasizes the point that the contest for Judge is a non-partisan one. Says he:

"Remind each voter that the Judicial contest is a non-partisan one, and that under the law he may at the primaries vote his own party ticket and then vote for myself for Judge on the non-partisan ballot, regardless of the voter's own party affiliations. Even if the voter be not enrolled, he can still vote for a candidate for Judge."

PRESENT FLAG TO ELKS

Floated Over Executive Mansion During Curtin's Administration.

The handsome silk flag that floated proudly over the Executive mansion at Harrisburg during Civil war days while A. G. Curtin was Governor, was last Thursday night formally presented to the Bellefonte Lodge of Elks by Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R. For many years following the war the flag occupied a place of honor at the Curtin homestead, on High Street, now the Elks clubhouse. After Curtin's death the flag was presented by the family to Gregg Post. Now it returns to what was formerly the Curtin home.

The presentation was made at a brief but very interesting meeting at the Elks clubhouse. Colonel Emanuel Noll, on behalf of Gregg Post, made the presentation speech, his remarks being well phrased and commanding the close attention of all present. Judge Orvis formally accepted the flag for the Elks.

A pretty sentiment inspired the ceremony which marked the return of the flag to the room in which it hung for so many years. Time has made heavy inroads in Gregg Post, each year sounding "taps" for some until today the membership means but a handfull of veterans. Realizing that a comparatively few years more will witness the summoning of the last surviving member the veterans felt that the old flag should be consigned to the care of younger hands and thus insure its preservation for many years to come. It was deemed particularly appropriate that the flag be restored to the former home of the late war Governor and since that is now the home of the Elks it was decided to entrust the highly valued emblem to the lodge.

BOY FINDS SKELETON

Bones of Supposed Suicide Discovered in Woods North of Philipsburg.

The skeleton of a man was found in a thicket above the old Lee mine, north of Philipsburg, on Monday morning, last. The general condition of the bones was such as to indicate that the man had been dead perhaps one year. The skeleton was enclosed in the man's clothing. Suggesting suicide was the fact that the remains were suspended by a belt fastened to the limb of a tree. Nearby were found the man's shoes and derby hat.

News of the finding of the skeleton attracted many persons to the scene of the tragedy. Members of the State police at once took charge and turned the remains over to District Attorney Welch, of Clearfield County. The skeleton was found by Paul Maguire, Jr., 14 years old, a son of Paul Maguire, of Morrisdale.

The clothing of the man was identified by Mrs. Andy Litzban, of Bloomington mines, as having belonged to her husband.

"How the Vote was Won."

On Friday evening September 3rd, there will be a concert and play given in the Scenic Theatre, Petrikin Hall.

The music will be given by Miss Claire Nicholls, and her mother, Mrs William J. Nicholls.

The play is a very clever little farce entitled "How the Vote was Won".

Those in the cast are Mrs. John Shugert, Mrs. Harry Keller, Miss Mary Warfield, Miss Mary Schad, Miss Elizabeth Morris, Miss Sarah Hastings, Miss Janet Scott, Miss Grace Cook, R. Russell Blair and John Blanchard. The admission will be 25 cents. The time 8 P. M.

Cafeteria Supper.

On Thursday evening, August 26th, there will be a cafeteria supper given by the Woman's Suffrage Party in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. beginning at 5 o'clock. Delicious food will be served at moderate prices, and each delicacy will be paid for separately, but a good meal may be had for the sum of 25 or 50c. according to the appetite. There will be: stuffed tomatoes, stuffed eggs, potato salad, veal loaf, cold meats, sweet corn, saratoga potatoes, rolls, coffee, ice cream, cake, fruit and pie.

Rain Marred Picnics.

Rain marred the two big picnics scheduled for last Saturday, the Williams reunion at Martha, and the annual Baileyville picnic. Despite the fact that it had rained heavily for hours, there was a large attendance at both outings, although the crowd was not nearly so great as would have been the case had weather conditions been more favorable. Those who braved the elements reported having a good time. Many of the county candidates attended both picnics.

Robert D. Musser, of near Spring Mills, aspirant for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, greeted his numerous friends in town between trains on Saturday.

$2500 POSTOFFICE JOB TROUBLING THE BOSSES

Promised to "Pat" Gherrity; Four Others are in Line.

LINKED TO JUDGESHIP

Most Aspirants for Postmaster Taking Orvis End of Fight for Judge—Mr. Valentine's Term Expires in February —Somebody Due for Disappointment.

Who will be Bellefonte's next Postmaster?

There's a $2500 plum about to be dropped. Who will be the lucky fellow standing conveniently near when the Democratic bosses shake the tree?

Ordinarily, the Democratic bosses would welcome the opportunity to hand out a $2500 plum. In this case, however it might be stated as a fact that the bosses would be well pleased if they did not have the job to dispose of—particularly just about this time. With a half dozen active aspirants in the field, the bosses see trouble ahead for the Democratic party in Centre County.

Postmaster H. C. Valentine's term will expire the latter part of February or the first week in March, 1916. Mr. Valentine was appointed in the last week in February, 1912, and took charge of the postoffice on March 2d, following. Hence his four years term is about up and with a Democratic President at Washington the vacancy will go to some Democrat.

Some say that Harry E. Fenlon is to be the next Postmaster. Fenlon is one of the managers of the Judge Orvis campaign.

There are some who say that Frank E. Naginey has the inside track for the $2500 plum. Just what part, if any, he is taking in the Judgeship contest is a matter for speculation.

And then there are others who believe that Robert F. Hunter is to be the lucky fellow. He is taking an active hand in the Judgeship affair, and is on the Orvis end of it.

That Colonel Hugh S. Taylor is directly in the path of the postoffice lightning is the only way his friends can size up the situation. If it were anything but a political matter, they say, he is so sure to land the plum that he might just as well begin now spending the salary.

BUT—

Patrick H. Gherrity has been promised the job. Furthermore, the promise was given him by the present powers that be in Democratic affairs in Centre County. "Pat" expected to be appointed Deputy Revenue Collector when "Wash" Rees was tossed out to make room for some Democrat. The Democratic bosses failed to make good with Gherrity and fearing that his friends would revolt and cause trouble he was promised the appointment o' Postmaster.

Tribute to Captain Brown.

Last Friday's Tyrone "Herald" published the following: Captain William H. Brown, commander of the Bellefonte troop of cavalry was a business visitor in Tyrone this morning enroute to his home in Bellefonte, from Clearfield. Captain Brown, who is known all through this section as a thorough militiaman, having one of the best trained troops of cavalry in the state, is a candidate for the office of recorder of deeds in Centre county. He filled the position one term about eight years ago. He was placed on the ticket as a "fill-in" at the time mentioned above. He got to work, won the nomination and when the votes were counted the day after election he was away in advance of the head of the ticket. He rendered the very best kind of service and gave the best kind of satisfaction. His host of friends insisted that he be a candidate for the office again, thus the reason of the canvass being made at this time. No better man could be selected in Centre county for this important position.

Reunion of Stuckey Clan.

The members of the Stuckey Clan held their sixth annual reunion at Hershey Park, Hershey Pa., last Thursday. The officers arranged a splendid program and the attendance was large. The officers for this year are: Joseph Stuckey, President, Derry Church, Pa.; Norman J. Rintz, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa., and Adam Stuckey, Treasurer, Harrisburg, Pa.

Last Day for Petitions.

Tuesday, August 31st, will be the last day fixed by law for the filing of petitions for nomination for township, borough and county offices. All such petitions must be filed not later than that date with the County Commissioners. Candidates who have not filed their petitions are urged to keep this fact in mind.

CRISIS WITH GERMANY REGARDED AS PASSED

Washington Hopes Arabic Incident is Clearing up.

WAS CLOSE TO BREAK

Severance of Diplomatic Relations Averted by Request that United States Suspend Judgment Pending Official Report.

Latest advices from Washington are that the threatened break with Germany over the sinking of the liner Arabic by a submarine has been averted, for the time being at least. Through its American representative Germany has asked the United States to take no action pending receipt of an official explanation of the Arabic incident. To this the United States has assented.

For four or five days the situation at Washington has been one which veteran diplomats regarded as most tense and likely to lead to an open break with Germany. Failure for days of the Kaiser to volunteer any information to the United States regarding the destruction of the Arabic, with the loss of several Americans, prompted not a few to believe that the crisis between the two countries had been reached and that Germany had decided to risk a severance of relations, and if necessary war, rather than consent to the demand of President Wilson that American lives be protected. For Germany to accede to this demand will mean virtually abandoning its present murderous submarine warfare on unprotected ships.

Prior to the receipt on Tuesday evening of Germany's request that the United States suspend judgment, and expressing sympathy to President Wilson on the death of several American passengers on the Arabic, the policy of the United States had been pretty well defined. This provided for complete severance of diplomatic relations with Germany also for the convening of Congress in special session to make such provision as might be deemed necessary for strengthening the army and navy and coast defenses. The matter had been thoroughly discussed by President Wilson and the Cabinet and the conclusions reached had been made known to the public.

A rather sesnational feature of the week's developments was the publication of charges in the New York "World" that some one high in the councils of the Democratic party and in position to enjoy the confidence of President Wilson had secured from him in personal interviews important information and had conveyed this to German agents in New York. The "World" published certain alleged correspondence from one of the agents in which the information referred to was set forth in detail and the man who obtained it from the President was designated as one "M. P." This placed the charges at the door of Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, Democratic National Committeeman from Pennsylvania and a close friend of President Wilson. Following publication of the charges Palmer issued a general denial, although admitting that he had recently talked with the President regarding the latter's views on the German situation and that he had reported the result of that conversation to J. B. Stanchfield, a prominent New York lawyer. It was contended by the "World" that one of the German agents mentioned in the correspondence is a member of the Stanchfield law firm in New York. Palmer emphatically denied having done anything of a dishonorable nature. Thus far President Wilson has made no comment on the incident. Palmer has been mentioned as an aspirant for appointment by the President to the position of Assistant Secretary of State at Washington.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Lewis G. Peters, Milesburg; Miss Goldie Gates, Port Matilda; Mrs. Mattie Luse, Centre Hall.

Operations—Norman Smeltzer, Clarence Benner, Doris M. Moore, Charles Monsal, Bellefonte; Mrs. Margaret Hall, Unionville.

Discharged—Leonard Owens, State College.

Philipsburg After Good Roads.

Philipsburg on Tuesday called on Highway Commissioner Cunningham at Harrisburg for improvement of state highways leading into the borough. Congressman C. H. Rowland and Representative H. B. Scott headed the delegation, the other members being G. R. Mock, R. H. Zerby, P. E. Wommelsdorf and David Atherton.

NOT TAKING SIDES

W. C. T. U. Has No Preference Between Johnston and Dale for Judge.

Next Tuesday evening, August 31st, J. Mitchell Bennetts, of the Anti-Saloon League, will address a public meeting in the Diamond, in Bellefonte, to be held under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Mr. Bennetts is speaking this week at temperance meetings at various places in the county. Those who have been so fortunate as to hear him say that he is an interesting, forceful speaker.

"The Republican" is informed by Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads that the W. C. T. U. is not taking sides as between Clement Dale and J. Kennedy Johnston, temperance candidates for Judge. Coming from such a source this information may be accepted as authoritative. At the several meetings being addressed by Mr. Bennetts voters are urged to support either Mr. Dale or Mr. Johnstan; in other words to vote for a temperance candidate.

The meeting scheduled for Centre Hall tomorrow night has been cancelled and Mr. Bennetts will speak at Boalsburg. The change was made owing to the fact that another meeting will be held at Centre Hall at that time. Tonight Mr. Bennetts speaks at Howard. His remaining meetings after tonight follow: Friday night, Boalsburg; Saturday afternoon at Spring Mills; Saturday night, at Rebersburg, Sunday morning, at Millheim; Sunday afternoon, at Coburn; Sunday night, at Woodward; Monday afternoon, at Lemont; Monday night, at State College; Tuesday afternoon, at Milesburg; Tuesday night, at Bellefonte.

Mr. Bennetts is forming local temperance organizations at the various points where he holds meetings. It is intended that after he shall have completed his itinerary there shall be held in Bellefonte a meeting of representatives from these various local organizations, so that it shall be a really representative county meeting, and at this time a name and constitution will be adopted and county officers will be elected. It is proposed that this meeting shall be called for the second week in September

Happily Married.

Last Thursday William Klinger and Miss Ruth Weiland were married by Rev. Mr. Sultzer at Lebanon, being attended by the bride's sister and brother. Mr. and Mrs. Klinger spent their wedding trip at the State Capital and returned to the groom's home at Boalsburg on Saturday evening where a reception was tendered the happy couple. About sixty guests were present and all had a most enjoyable time. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Weiland, formerly of Boalsburg, now of Lebanon County, and is an estimable, splendid young lady and one well qualified to grace her new home. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Klinger and is an energetic, successful young farmer. He is to be congratulated on his choice for a help-mate through life. For the present they will reside at the Klinger homestead. Their numerous friends wish them the greatest happiness.

Lincoln's Greatest Ambition.

In the "Interesting People" department of the September American Magazine appears an article about Russell H. Conwell, the famous Philadelphia speaker who has delivered one lecture over five thousand times. In the course of the article Mr. Conwell tells as follows what Abraham Lincoln once said to him:

"No man ought to be ambitious to be President of the United States: when this war is over, and that won't be very long, I tell my Tad we will go back to the farm where I was happier as a boy when I dug potatoes at twenty-five cents per day than I am now. I tell him I will buy him a mule and a pony, and he shall have a little cart, and he shall make a little garden in a field of his own."

Married at Seashore.

John M. Trubisky and Miss Maud Fetzer, both of Clarence, were married today at Atlantic City. They will spend their honeymoon at the seashore. Both are well and favorably known at Clarence and their friends wish them the greatest happiness. The groom is a candidate for nomination for Constable on the Republican ticket in Snow Shoe Township, and it was only the irresistible invitation of Dan Cupid that took him away from home just when the campaign showed signs of warming up.

Academy Football Schedule.

Following is the Bellefonte Academy football schedule for 1915: Sept. 25, open; Oct. 2, Bucknell Scrubs, home; Oct. 9, Pitt Freshmen, away; Oct. 16, Carlisle Indian Reserves, home; Oct. 23 Mansfield Normal, away; Oct. 30, State Freshmen, away; Nov. 6, Cornell Freshmen, away; Nov 13, St. Francis College, away; Nov. 20, open.

DESERTS HIS BRIDE OF LESS THAN YEAR

Henry Vogel, of Struble, Mysteriously Disappears.

A WIDOW ALSO MISSING

State College Woman Leaves Home at Same Time Carpenter Packs Grip and Departs Without so Much as Saying Goodbye to His Wife.

Without so much as a passing word of farewell to his bride of less than a year, Henry Vogel, of Struble station, near State College, last week packed his grip and departed for lands unknown, we are informed. At about the same time a State College widow left home and the supposition of friends is that she and Vogel now are together. Vogel's strange action has caused more or less speculation among residents of that section but up to the present time nothing has been learned as to his whereabouts definite. It is said he has been traced to Ohio.

Vogel is a carpenter and is about 45 years old. Just where he hails from many of his friends never were able to learn. He seemed to appear from nowhere in particular and established himself near State College. At times he worked at his trade. Less than one year ago he married Mrs. Otis Hoy, of Struble. She was a widow with several children and was a woman who was held in the highest esteem by home friends.

That he contemplated deserting his bride and leaving for parts unknown was a matter which Vogel kept well to himself. He quietly packed a few personal effects and disappeared. The departure of the State College widow at about the same time prompted the circulation of rumors that she and Vogel had gone away together.

Academy Opens Sept. 14th.

The Bellefonte Academy will open on Tuesday September 14th. The day pupils will please report at nine o'clock Wednesday morning September 15th.

FACULTY.

Rev. James P. Hughes, A. M., Principal Emeritus, Mathematics.

James R. Hughes, A. M., Head Master, Latin, Greek, and Oratory.

Arthur H. Sloop, A. M., Assistant Head Master, Physics, Chemistry, and Higher Mathematics.

Helen E. Canfield Overton, Elementary English and Mathematics.

Isabella S. Hill, Ph. B., English, Rhetoric and Literature.

David L. Harstine, Ph. B., Higher Mathematics.

Mitchell Hartman, (Williamsport Business College), Bookeeping and Mathematics.

George F. Reiter, Ph. B., Sc. M., Biology, Chemistry and Mathematics.

David Fred Martin, Ph. B., History, Ancient Languages and Civics.

J. B. Riley, A. B., (Boston University), French, German and Spanish.

Charles S. Hughes, A. B., Business Manager, Physical Geography and Mathematics.

Mitchell Hartman, Director of Athletics.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Ida May Deitrich, et bar, to John L. Deitrich, 2 tracts in Walker Tw.; $2,000.

Oscar M. Bowersox, et ux, to Hortense M. Armstrong, tract in State College Boro.; $5,000.

Bertrucia A. Cox to Samuel E. Stanley, tract in Boggs Twp.; $600.

Joseph R. Kessinger's heirs to Sallie Armbruster, tract in Walker Twp.; $600.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company to Roy R. Askey, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $40.

Catherine Reese to David W. Reese, tract in Taylor Twp.; $300.

Charles B. Thomas, et ux, to Tyrone Rod and Gun Club, tract in Taylor Twp.; $1.

Rudolph Pletcher, et al, to Pennsylvania R. R. Co., tract in Howard Twp.; $4,000.

David J. Graham to Charles R. Graham, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $1.

Elwood Brooks, et ux, to Frank Barnes, tract in Spring Twp.; $1,000.

Weekly Weather Forecast.

For the week beginning Wednesday, August 25 for Middle Atlantic States.—With the exception of local showers Wednesday over the northern portion of the district, generally fair weather will prevail throughout the week. It will be cooler Wednesday night and Thursday, and moderate temperatures will prevail thereafter.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catherine Gray.

The author, while writing this article, sat in the Phila. Suffrage Lunch and Tearoom at 1721 Chestnut St., having just been served with a very satisfactory lunch of creamed eggs on toast (fresh eggs at that), french fried potatoes, sliced tomato, bread and butter, sliced peaches and iced tea.

The tea and lunch room was formerly a store-room. It is now fitted up at the front as an office and shop, in the rear of which are the lunch and tea tables for two and four persons, and at the furthermost rear is the little cuisine which supplies the tables.

The menu is changed daily, and the price of the lunch is 25c with ice cream and pie extra. Customers are served by young suffragists who donate their services. The shop tables contain a variety of articles for sale. Among these are a special hat at 35c, hair tonics, cold cream, suffrage soap, boudoir caps, drinking cups of paper, badges, posters, pens, pennants, etc., etc., all bearing the "votes for women" insignia.

This tea and lunch room is the headquarters for the Phila. Woman Suffrage Party. As I sat writing at a table, I could see all about various leaflets and circulars, some of which were in yellow and bore a picture of the cracked old Liberty Bell, which is now visiting the Panama Exposition at SanFrancisco A picture of this bell was also on the yellow menu which lay on each lunch table.

One such leaflet which attracted my attention read as follows:

SQUARE DEAL FOR WOMEN

The undersigned, a lover of Fair Play, a voter of the State of Pennsylvania, believing that women, having equal responsibility with men for the Public Welfare, should have equal opportunity and Power for Public Service, which the ballot gives, will vote accordingly at the election next November; and also wishes to become a member of the Pennsylvania Men's League for Woman Suffrage (with the understanding that there are no dues.)

Paupers, Criminals, Idiots and Women are disfranchised in Pennsylvania.

Let us take our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters out of such company.

(Blanks for name and address)

Please sign the above and mail to Wilmer Atkinson, President, Washington Square, Phila. I want you with us. —W. A.

In spite of the fact that some of us had trimmed our hats with yellow cheese cloth and golden rod and started out to meet the Suffrage Bell which arrived in State College last Saturday afternoon, circumstances combined to deny us the pleasure of being present. Our friends have informed us, however, that a large company was present, and that the interest did not wane even under a sudden heavy shower which drove people to shelter for a time. Miss Mary Stewart, of Montana, who spoke, stated that some man in another town had asked her what had been done in Montana since women had gained the vote. She replied, "You must excuse us for having done so little; we are very young, having had the privilege only six months; but, tell me, what have you done with it since you have had it these 120 years?" And the gentleman could not answer. Is not 120 years time enough in which to do something worthy of mention? Politicians seem to have been busy most of that time getting things into a mess. Let us hope that a war will not be required to clear the decks for [illegible]

A professor figures out that more than half the college girls never marry. What is this supposed to prove? Phila. Public Ledger.

LAY OF THE LAST ANTI.

(With apologies to the author of "Waverly")

Breathes there the girl with soul so dark
Who ever lets herself remark:
This is my own, my native land!
Who, when the day arrives to choose
Its rulers, reads election news,
And feels she'd like to take a hand?
If such there be, go have her told
A girl so criminally bold,
Though fair she be, and good and kind,
Pure though of heart, and clear her mind,
Must die, condemned by every tongue,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
—C. S. D., Jr.,

"How long, O Lord, how long!" must be the cry that goes up from the hearts of thousands of women when the bruised, maltreated, and mangled bodies of their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers are brought home to them.

War is not the only monster that is loose in the universe. The murder of a presumably innocent, clean and upright man by a mob in the South a few days ago caused the Governor of the State where the crime was committed to say that for lynch law the only remedy was woman suffrage.

The mayor of the city near which the horror occurred is quoted as saying publicly, "When it comes to a woman's honor, there is no limit we will not go to avenge and protect."

A leading daily reminds us that Georgia permits a girl of ten years to be sent to the factories and any girl of 12 may be turned into an industrial slave. And in Georgia the age of consent is ten years. After that age the Georgia law considers every girl to be fair game. The man who leads her astray may be 30 or 40 years of age, but chivalrous Georgia puts upon him no more legal or moral responsibility than upon the poor, weak, 10-year old child that he has seduced.

Could women make worse laws than these? Woe to the state that has no better protection than such laws afford, and woe to women whose safety depends upon lynchings. That State is no place for the peace-loving citizen. A woman's honor can be best protected by her own voice in the laws that govern her and her country. Her honor should not depend on so precarious a thing as man-made law. She should be able to assist in making laws that will really protect.

EDISON'S TRIBUTE TO WIFE.

Thomas A. Edison, the country's foremost inventor, who recently was chosen to aid the government as a member of a special board to study modern war problems, is a suffragist and attributes his success to the devotion of his wife.

At a banquet given in his honor in connection with the presentation of a gold medal, Mr. Edison, following glowing tributes from numerous speakers, paid a glowing tribute to his wife, to whom, he said, he owed in large part the success that had come to him.

"Every woman in this country is going to have the vote," he said, "This is certain," he added.

Mr. Edison's genial smile gave away to a frown when the anti-suffrage argument "that women would neglect their homes" if they had the vote, was mentioned to him.

"Bosh!" he said. "You haven't heard of suffrage breaking up homes in the Western States, have you? I haven't."

QUESTIONS CLEARED UP

Bellefonte Readers Can No Longer Doubt the Evidence.

Again and again we have read of strangers in distant towns who have been cured by this or that medicine. But Bellefonte's pertinent question has always been "Has anyone here in Bellefonte been cured?" The word of a stranger living a hundred miles away may be true, but it cannot have the same weight with us as the word of our own citizens, whom we know and respect, and whose evidence we can so easely prove.

Fred Scott, 247 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "Jolting over rough roads had a bad effect on my kidneys. The trouble started with pains across the small of my back and if I stooped, I could hardly straighten. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co., and found relief after taking the first few doses. One box made a cure and I have not had the slightest backache since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Scott had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Seashore Excursions.

Pennsylvania Railroad 16-day outings. Saturday, August 28 and September 4. September 4 excursion covers Labor Day. Low fares. Consult hand bills or ticket agents.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine use Doan's Regulets. 25c a box at all stores.

Storm Damages Towns.

A number of towns were damaged by a terrific storm which swept over the Lebanon and Cumberland valleys last Saturday night.

At Hanover the storm lasted but two minutes and yet was of such fury that the property damage has been placed at $500,000. Hundreds of homes were destroyed and business places damaged.

In Lebanon the damage will reach $70,000. At Annville alone property of an estimated value of $50,000 was destroyed. A church was completely wrecked at this place.

The Mount Holly Dam at Carlisle broke during the height of the storm and did considerable damage.

In Schuylkill county the crops suffered especially in the vicinity of Pottsville. At Shenandoah five inches of rain fell, flooding the streets and tying up traffic for several hours.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashion bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

LIST OF JURORS.

Drawn for September Court, Beginning Monday, 27th.

GRAND JURORS.

John P. Harris, banker.....Bellefonte
G. W. Rumberger, clerk.....Unionville
Howard Stover, foreman...Bellefonte
G. W. Stover, saddler.....Millheim
C. B. Wolf, farmer.....Miles
James Williams, farmer.....Worth
Geo. H. Richards, butcher..Philipsb'g
Jas. E. Stover, mechanic..Centre Hall
Wade Lytle, farmer.....Halfmoon
H. C. Williams, painter.....Spring
A. W. Witmer, farmer.....Benner
W. E. Hurley, laborer.....Rush
Joseph Pletcher, farmer.....Liberty
A. V. Daugherty, farmer.....Burnside
Sim Batcheler, milk dealer.....Rush
C. W. Hunter, marble dealer, Halfmoon
C. A. Page, laborer.....Miles
E. M. Grove, farmer.....Potter
Hugh Moore, bl'ksmith.....Rush
Thorton Dunkle, janitor...Philipsburg
Newton Yarnell, farmer.....Harris
John Williams, laborer.....Huston
F. L. Wetzler, merchant.....Boggs
A. M. Butler, farmer...Howard Twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—1st WEEK.

J. W. Kepler, farmer.....Ferguson
E. S. Brungart, laborer.....Miles
W. E. Kessinger, merchant....Walker
T. H. Harter, editor.....Bellefonte
J. S. McCarger, Ins. agent..Bellefonte
M. R. Feidler, veterinary....Millheim
Adam Cowher, bl'ksmith.....Worth
Harvey Guiser, farmer.....Walker
Emmet Jordon, bl'ksmith.....Potter
Philip Hoover, clerk.....Bellefonte
Nathaniel Corman, farmer.....Spring
Homer M. Walker, farmer..Ferguson
I. S. Frain, farmer.....Walker
Clair Lyons, laborer.....Howard Boro
Chas. Eboch, laborer.....Philipsburg
Harvey Markle, farmer.....Spring
John Sweitzer, laborer.....Spring
J. M. Heinle, electrician....Bellefonte
T. R. Hamilton, manf.....Bellefonte
W. H. Brown, plumber.....Bellefonte
John Brusler, farmer.....Ferguson
Martin Dale, laborer.....Bellefonte
J. B. Kreamer, gentleman.....Miles
B. D. Brisbin, lumberman..Centre Hall
W. C. Owens, cl'thes presser..Philipsb'g
Daniel McGinley, laborer...Milesburg
A. C. Dale, student.....Bellefonte
S. W. Shivery, carpenter..Philipsburg
Jas. L. McCafferty, laborer..Bellefonte
David Spittler, miner.....Rush
Merril Kerstetter, farmer.....Walker
Isaac Miller, gatekeeper.....Spring
Samuel Holt, merchant.....Unionville
John Zeigler, minister.....Boggs
L. E. Hess, merchant.....Rush
Robt. J. Mann, farmer.....Curtin
James Neese, farmer.....Liberty
Henry Grimm, tailor....State College
James Irvin, clerk,...Snow Shoe Boro
John H. Breon, farmer.....College
John H. Beck, merchant.....Walker
Lee Weber, laborer.....Miles
Potter Walker, laborer, Snow Shoe twp
Edw. Gates, painter.....So. Philipsb'g
Jeff Eboch, laborer.....Philipsburg
S. C. Herr, bookkeeper.....Bellefonte
Morris Kreamer, baker.....Bellefonte
Fred Shontz, merchant.....Philipsb'g
Frank W. Grebe, innkeeper..Philipsb'g
John Bullock, merchant....Bellefonte
Frank Goodhart, merch't..Centre Hall
Orie Conaway, laborer, Snow Shoe boro
Hiram Lutz, farmer.....Spring
W. T. Kelley, clerk.....Bellefonte
W. P. Meeker, laborer.....Burnside
C. W. Slack, farmer.....Potter
J. F. Hoover, farmer.....Ferguson
Daniel Vaughn, laborer.....Rush
Geo. E. Harper, laborer.....Ferguson
Joseph Dunkle, farmer.....Marion

A KNOCKOUT BLOW.

Curious Experience of a Boxer Who Got One, Yet Fought On.

Many and varied stories are told of boxing, but few are better than that describing the nauseating effect of a knockout blow. Some blows deprive the victim of all sense of surroundings, but leave him power to continue the contest. He boxes in a mechanical way and is oblivious of all things taking place around him.

A queer freak of this nature happened in Apollo hall, Chicago, more than fifteen years ago. Andy Daly, a Boston lightweight, was boxing Joe Galligan, an Italian boxer of Chicago, the decision to be given at the end of six rounds. Daly was a clever boxer with a good punch, while Galligan, although he could not boast of the cleverness of his opponent, had a dangerous right hand blow. For four rounds Daly had the better of the contest. Early in the fifth session the Boston lightweight became careless, and Galligan, taking advantage of an opening, sent over his right to Daly's jaw. The clever boxer took the count of eight, sat up, rubbed his eyes, regained his feet and finished the round. He continued the sixth session, displaying no ill effects as a result of the blow. Galligan made a strong finish, but Daly gave blow for blow and won a draw.

Daly went to his dressing room and put on his street clothes. Emil Thiry, who managed Packey McFarland, was manager of Daly then and was with him after the contest. Just before they left the room Daly called Thiry to him and said:

"Now, Emil, I'm going to ask you a question, and I don't want you to laugh at me. It's no laughing matter with me at all. You'll think it strange, I suppose; but this is what I want to know: Who won the fight?"

"Which fight?" Thiry asked in surprise.

"My fight, of course," Daly retorted.

"Why, it was a draw and you did well after that bad fifth round," Thiry answered. "Didn't you hear the decision?"

"I don't remember a thing after the fourth round," Daly answered. "The reason I went into that other room just now was to overhear something about the bout without having to ask any questions. Nobody said anything, and that is why I had to ask you. I was afraid I had been knocked out."—New York Times.

Army Rations.

The average daily field ration of the United States army is made up as follows; Bacon, 12 ounces (or fresh meat, 20 ounces); bread, 18 ounces; beans, 2.4 ounces; potatoes, 20 ounces; prunes or preserves, 1.28 ounces; coffee, 1.12 ounces; sugar, 3.2 ounces; evaporated milk, 5 ounces; vinegar, .16 gill salt, .64 ounce; pepper (black), .04 ounce; lard, .64 ounce; butter, .5 ounce. Of this ration just a portion is carried individually by the soldier; the rest, such as butter, lard, pepper, sirup, etc., are given in bulk to the companies and then distributed to the men at mealtime.—Argonaut.

OUR PRIVATE POWER PLANT.

Nature Produced It, and Science Has Never Equaled It.

The most complicated manufucturing plant that ever existed is the human body as controlled under the scientific management of the brain and nervous system. No factory ever boasted a more efficient producer plant for converting fuel into energy. No plant ever had so well designed a pumping system nor one so perfect for the disposal of waste and sewage. Talk of heating and ventilating up to date or interdepartment telephone! The best that our modern science can put into our shops is crude indeed as compared with that furnished by the Great Designer. Suppose that you went to a pump manufacturer with the following specification:

Wanted, a pump with capacity of one-quarter gallon a minute to handle warm salty fluid, to work for seventy years night and day without a shutdown at the rate of seventy strokes per minute. Must be guaranteed to operate for the full period of time without repairs or adjustments, to require no attention; must have automatic control and contain its own motive power and must have a duty per million foot pounds superior to the best triple expansion high duty unit ever made.

Do you think the manufacturer would bid for the job? If he were a timid man he would probably agree with you and tell you to come around next week, meanwhile edging you toward the door before your insanity took a violent form, or if he were not afraid of lunatics he would say, "You poor bug, such a pump as you speak of never existed nor ever will except in the brain of a perpetual motion freak such as I see before me." Which shows how much he knows about it, for both you and he carry just such a pump around with you, and each of you thinks too much of your possession to sell it for any money.—John H. Van Deventer in Engineering Magazine.

ART OF BATHING.

To Get the Right Idea Just Inquire of Any Healthy Boy.

The art of bathing has never been fully understood. It ought to be put on its feet. Some people feel that in order to bathe it is necessary to call in the services of a physician. Others bathe at the slightest provocation—on railroad trains and when they are visiting a family of ten with only one bathroom. Such people would call for a bath anywhere—on a trolley car, on an excursion steamboat or when crossing the desert of Sahara.

Between these two extremes, the bathers and the nonbathers, there lies a vast gulf. If these people could only be brought together—by arbitration possibly—what a benefit to society!

Boys are the only ones who have the right idea. No real boy likes to take a bath or to be presented with one on a marble slab. Any healthy boy will sink to any necessary moral level to avoid this. But any boy will go in swimming. In short, if there be about the bath the spirit of adventure, then the boy—whose instincts are natural—will seize the bait. Swimming in April, with the water somewhat above zero, is a joy for him which would be properly resented in a bathroom. If we must bathe indoors therefore the boys ought to be in charge of the proceedings. And if they were all the mean, contemptible bathtubs would be abolished and every house would have a swimming pool. Everybody has a motorcar. Why not a swimming pool?—Life.

Sufficiently Humbled.

Mrs. Mellen did not wish to offend her new cook.

"John," she said to the manservant, "can you find out without asking the cook whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable," added the good soul.

"If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon, and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her feel any more uncomfortable than she is."—Christian Register.

Both Legs Lifted.

A young officer rather new to his work was drilling a squad of recruits and gave the word of command, "Lift the right leg." One of the soldiers by mistake lifted his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the astonished officer, "that fool has lifted both legs!"—Chicago News.

The Real Sufferer.

"So," said the neighbor sympathetically, "your baby suffers from sleeplessness, does he?"

"No," responded the haggard and hollow eyed man; "he doesn't. He seems to enjoy it. I'm the one who suffers."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Yes, She Will.

"I cannot say 'Yes,' Harold, but I shall always be a sis"—

"Sister to me? No, you won't."

"Yes, Harold. I accepted your brother last night."—Lehigh Burr.

An Evolution.

"Women are never pugilists."

"Maybe not exactly. But I know one who said her husband was a prize. If he was she is now a prizefighter."—Washington Star.

Imitation.

"She had her dressmaker make a gown exactly like one I had."

"Sort of following suit?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL

ENCAMPMENT AND EXHIBITION

Of the Patrons of Husbandry of Central Penna.

GRANGE PARK, CENTRE HALL PA.

September 11 to 17, 1915.

Encampment Opens Sept. 11th — Exhibition Opens Sept. 13th

The largest and best fair in Central Pennsylvania; by farmers and for farmers. Twenty-eight acres are devoted to camping and exhibition purposes. Ample tent accommodations for all desiring to camp.

A large display of farm stock and poultry, farm implements, fruits, cereals and every production of farm and garden.

ADMISSION FREE

LEONARD RHONE, Chairman.

GEORGE GINGERICH,
G. L. GOODHART,
D. L. BARTGES,
J. S. DALE, Committee.

NEW FOOTBALL RULES

Few Changes Incorporated in Last Year's Regulations.

Next month dear football will be with us once more. Only minor changes have been made in the rules, few of which changes will be noticeable to the spectators at large.

The changes are designed to "clean up" the game of a few undesirable things that the rules of last year permitted.

Here are the principal alterations in the playing rules for the coming season:

Interferers will no longer be permitted to knock down the secondary defense after the whistle blows, nor will the defense either be permitted to run into a man after the whistle blows.

The presence of a field judge has been made obligatory, and the watch has been taken away from the linesman and given to the field judge, so as to make it possible for the linesman to be more observant of all the matters coming within his provinces, like the above, and "beating" the starting signal.

No longer will throwing the ball out of bounds be substituted by teams for a kick, for a forward pass going out of bounds on the fly, whether it touches a man or not, is now ruled as an incompleted forward pass.

The flocking of substitutes in the last period has been stopped and no resubstituting will be allowed except at the beginning of a period.

The protection of the full-back has been somewhat altered. The rule has been divided into two parts—running into the full-back and "roughing" the full-back. Running into the full-back is penalized 15 yards but "roughing" the fullback is penalized 15 yards and disqualification as well.

At the same time they passed a vote deprecating the putting in of substitutes for the purpose of conveying information.

The penalty for unsportmanlike conduct was changed to 15 yards, but the power was placed in the hands of the official to disqualify for flagrant conduct.

In snapping the ball back the center may not hold it after he has made the motion; he must actually let the ball go. This prevents a play that had been practiced, consisting of the center holding the ball after he had apparently snapped it and someone coming around behind him and taking the ball from his hands.

The peculiar method of blocking and interfering which has been increasing, wherein men throw their legs up in the air, has been ruled out, for throwing the legs and striking with the lower leg a man above the knee will be penalized 15 yards. The rules already provide that striking a man in the same way below the knee is "tripping."

Another provision was made that unless the captain requests a lesser distance the referee will always bring the ball out from the side line 15 yards.

If a second eligible man touches a forward pass after it has been first touched by an eligible player, it is simply an incompleted forward pass with the loss of a down.

Real Sanitation in Air Towel.

An "air towel" used in the large public lavatory in the District building at Washington, D. C., is the invention of J. M. Ward, superintendent of the District building. In appearance it resembles a rectangular box eleven inches by three, set in a sanitary base having twelve-inch legs, with an opening in the top of the case in which the wet hands are held while being dried. The device consists of a blower that forces air through an electric heating element to ducts and deflectors suitably placed for distributing the warmed air to all parts of the hands at the same time, and is operated by a foot lever or pedal, which in turn operates a quick-acting switch, thereby setting the blower in motion. By removing the foot the device is put out of operation. The hands come in contact with no part of the device, thus assuring a perfectly sanitary operation.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Your druggist sells it. 25 and 50c.

Niagara Falls

Personally-Conducted Excursions

August 27.
September 10, 24, October 8, 1915

Round $9.30 Trip

FROM BELLEFONTE

SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Dining Car, and Day Coaches through the Pictures Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off allowed at Buffalo on return trip. Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

Pennsylvania R. R.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street — Bellefonte, Pa.

Her Leap Year Privilege

How a Fortune Was Lost.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum!"

Angela Winton watched the little fingers wander uncertainly up and down the piano keys.

When the pupil had gone Angela closed the piano with a sigh of relief. Twenty years of teaching music had worn her nerves to a fine edge.

"I wonder if it will always be the same?" she thought as she went to open her letter box. There was a letter.

A little color flashed into her pale cheeks as she read the name in one corner of the business envelope:

JOHN T. CATESBY
Attorney and Counselor at Law

John Catesby was an old friend of Angela's, and she tore open the letter with a feeling of impatience at her swift conclusion that John's unexpected letter was in direct response to her query of the moment before. Very likely it had to do with the bridge club to which they both belonged. The letter read:

Dear Miss Winton—Please call at my office immediately, as I wish to consult with you concerning an important matter of business. Faithfully yours,

JOHN T. CATESBY.

"Dear me! I wonder what he wants to see me about? I may as well dress and go downtown now," she thought as she folded the letter.

An hour later Angela presented herself at Catesby's office. She was a small, timid looking woman with soft brown eyes and a wealth of glistening brown hair. Twenty years of battling with the world had made Angela bold of heart and unafraid, but the appealing look remained in her eyes.

An office boy took her into John Catesby's private office, and Catesby grasped her little gloved fingers in his large hand and forgot to release them for a moment.

"You wished to see me?" asked Angela, and, thus reminded, he drew forward a chair beside his own.

"Listen to this," he said in an odd tone, picking up an open letter:

Sydney, Australia, Jan. 18, 1915.

Dear Sir—Kindly inform my niece and only relative, Miss Angela Winton, that it is my intention to bequeath my entire fortune of $1,000,000 to her, provided she is married at the time of my death. She is the only old maid in the Winton family, and if she is still unmarried when the announcement of my death is made she will merely receive a small annuity, while the remainder of my estate goes to charity. As I am suffering from an incurable disease it behooves my niece to hasten to the altar.

JOSEPH HENRY WINTON.

"How utterly absurd!" cried Angela as rosy blushes invaded her smooth cheeks. "The very idea! He might as well cut me off with an annuity and be done with it!"

Another letter had been received by Catesby on the same subject. The lawyer had been a protege of Winton, who had sent him to school, to college and had paid his way while he studied his profession. Winton never married, and, as stated in his letter, Angela was his only relative. He was very fond of her and had noticed what Angela had not even suspected—that his protege loved his niece. He was in hopes that the two would make a match. In this event they would inherit his fortune together, and John would make a capital manager of the estate.

Finding that death was not far distant, he had written the two letters, the one intending to influence his niece, the other to advise Catesby of his desire to leave them his property jointly. In the one for John's private reading he had told him that it was his intention to place his niece in a position which would place Catesby in a position to marry her.

"Excuse me just a moment," said Catesby, rising. "I am called away on a matter of business."

He went into the outside office, where a client was waiting for a few words of advice, and Angela was left alone with her startled thoughts.

How glorious to be the owner of a great fortune! What bliss to travel, to have beautiful clothes, to help the needy!

How sordid it was to consider that she must marry and lose her freedom, but who on earth would marry her? Common sense told her that many unscrupulous men would embrace the opportunity to become the husband of an heiress.

From an adjoining office came the lowered voices of two stenographers.

"I saw the letter!" insisted one impatiently. "It said she must marry before he died or she would lose the money! The idea!"

"As if such an old maid could find a husband quick as a wink!" giggled the other. "Did you ever see such a little brown mouse of a woman?"

"I wonder if she knows it's leap year and she has the privilege of asking some man to marry her? It's her only chance to get the million, believe me!"

When Catesby returned to his desk he found Angela drawing down her veil. Through the filmy meshes her cheeks were pink and her eyes flashed dangerously. All Angela's fighting instincts were aroused. She must have that million at the price of her pride, at any price!

For the time avarice possessed her soul.

"And now, Miss Winton," smiled Catesby ruefully, "let us plan how we can agree to your uncle's eccentric proposition. Of course you do not want to lose a fortune."

"Of course not," said Angela crisply. "I shall not lose it, Mr. Catesby."

He stared at her.

"You mean that you are going to be married?" he asked.

Angela nodded.

"Then the matter is simplified," he said brusquely. "Perhaps you can arrange to be married immediately so as to gain the fortune. You may as well have it."

"Yes," said Angela mechanically.

He opened the door for her.

"You will let me know at once?" he asked in such an altered tone that Angela flashed a glance at him. His face was pale and stern, and the friendly look was gone from his dark blue eyes.

It was almost as if he had guessed Angela's bold intention.

"I've got to—I've got to look out for the future," thought Angela all the way home.

That evening Angela sat and thought and thought of all the men she knew who were eligible. When she had weighed and sifted them and discarded the impossibles and the undesirables there remained but two—Roger Frame and Dr. Deering.

Roger Frame was a civil engineer, or, rather, an uncivil one—brusque and bad mannered, but withal a fine, strong character and a good friend.

"And," debated Angela, "it must be desirable to have one's husband a good friend as well."

Dr. Deering was her minister, the middle aged rector of her church.

"I will explain to them," thought Angela, with hot cheeks. "They will understand, and, as that office girl said, it is leap year. I am only taking advantage of my privilege."

The next morning Angela arrayed herself in her best frock, happily a new one of soft gray with a hat to match. The hat was trimmed with violets, and at her breast she pinned a bunch of the same sweet purple blossoms.

Who could guess the panic in Angela's heart when she stood before Roger Frame's office door? All her principles were in revolt, in arms against the fear that she would lose Uncle Joseph's money.

Facing Roger Frame in his private office, Angela's panic found refuge in hasty speech. Her words tumbled desperately from her lips.

Roger Frame's rugged face was gravely tender as he took her hands in his.

"You have done me such a great honor, Miss Winton," he said gently, "that I am proud of your confidence in me. But, you see, I've complicated matters by engaging myself to Mrs. Weed, but sit down and let us talk it over."

Angela smiled bravely and shook her head. "I've another name on my list," she said hardily. "The rector."

"Dear lady," said Frame earnestly, "I wish you much joy and success in your quest. Dr. Deering is a good fellow, but I'd like to wring your uncle's neck for placing you in such a position!"

Angela's lip quivered. "If Mr. Catesby had only thought of some other way out of it," she said piteously.

"Catesby? He's the lawyer in the case?" asked Frame quickly.

She nodded. "You see, I must do something, Mr. Frame," and with one shamed look over her shoulder, she slipped out and closed the door upon a very angry man.

Roger Frame jerked the telephone receiver from its hook and called John Catesby's number.

Dr. Deering's reception room was bathed in mellow sunshine when a trim maid ushered an agitated Angela into the room.

"Dr. Deering is engaged at present," said the servant. "He will be at liberty in a little while."

Left alone, Angela could hear the frightened thumping of her heart.

There was the purr of a motorcar outside and the sound was instantly stilled. The rector had another visitor. Angela's courage waned rapidly. She had arisen in a panic when the servant ushered a man into the room with the same explanatory formula.

The man was John T. Catesby.

"Ah!" he cried quickly. "Have you seen him? Am I in time?"

"I haven't seen him yet," admitted Angela faintly.

"Then—then"— he stammered excitedly, "why not marry me, Angela? I love you. I want you for my wife." He held out his hands. Angela placed her trembling hands in his. "If I have to marry any one," she faltered: "I'm so glad it's you!"

He drew her closer.

"Suppose your uncle had never written you? Suppose there had been no fortune involved?" he whispered.

"Your love would have been riches enough," said Angela, her face against his and her pretty hat all crooked.

He smiled contentedly

"Then you may read this," he said drawing a cablegram from his pocket. "It came half an hour ago."

It was from Sydney, Australia, and dated the day before. It announced the death of Joseph Henry Winton.

Angela would have drawn away from his arm, but he held her closely.

"And you come to me after that?" she asked.

"Didn't I say I loved you?" he retorted gruffly. "I've been screwing up my courage to tell you. Your becoming an heiress was a dash of cold water."

"But what shall we say to Dr. Deering?" questioned Angela.

"Why, we'll ask him to officiate at our wedding next week!" was Catesby's brilliant suggestion.

ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

1 Kings 17:1-16.—August 29.

A Faithful Servant of the True God. Elijah a Type of the Church—The Antitypical Jezebel and Ahab—The Antitypical 1,260 Days of Spiritual Famine—Reformation by Sects—The Latest Reform Movement.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5:7.

ELIJAH comes to our attention as God's mouthpiece to King Ahab, of the ten-tribe kingdom of Israel, assuring the king that there would be neither rain nor dew in Israel until Elijah would pray God for it. This meant drouth, famine, trouble. Elijah was not making this declaration on his own authority; he had been so directed of the Lord. True prophets of God are not boastful, and never take honors or powers of themselves. They speak merely as Divine mouthpieces.

The Israelites had gone into idolatry, and King Ahab had co-operated as leader. God's prophets had been persecuted, and Baal's prophets honored. A great national chastisement might do them good. Accordingly the issue was plainly stated to the king by Elijah, who was then directed to go to the brook Cherith, near where the Jordan enters the Dead Sea. There he lived for three and a half years, away from the public. Morning and evening the ravens brought him food. Finally the brook dried up; and the Prophet was directed to the home of a widow of Zarephath, in the land of Zidon. This poor widow had but a remnant of meal, but had faith enough to share it with the Prophet. The result was a miracle. The remnant continued until the end of the famine.

Elijah fed by ravens.

Elijah's Antitypical Prophecy.

Elijah and all his doings were typical of greater things which followed. He was a type of the Church in the flesh—the Church of which Jesus is the Head, and His saintly followers are the members. Of this antitypical Elijah God declared, "I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful Day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the children to the fathers, and the heart of the fathers to the children; otherwise I will come and smite the earth with a curse."—Malachi 4:5, 6.

Jesus, the Apostles and all His followers, as members of this greater Elijah, actuated by God's Spirit, have been delivering a Message to the world, reproving sin and making known the righteousness of God. Had the world heeded the Message, Messiah's Kingdom would have been ushered in without a "Day of Wrath" being necessary. But the world has not heeded the Message; hence the smiting the world with a curse, the great Time of Trouble now beginning, is the only way by which the Kingdom can be ushered in.

The nations, having accepted a form of godliness merely, without its spirit and power, are Christian only in name, as the present great war for commercial supremacy abundantly demonstrates. By this war and by the great revolution which the Bible declares will follow it, and by the resulting world-wide anarchy, all kingdoms will be overthrown and all existing systems and institutions ground to powder, that the way for Messiah's Kingdom may be prepared.

Fulfilment of That Prophecy.

That God meant Elijah to typify the Church is confirmed by certain statements of Revelation. There a great religious system is figuratively described as Jezebel, and the worldly systems to which this professed Church of Christ is united are represented as Ahab. As Elijah fled from their power for three and one half years, so the Church is said to flee for three and a half "Times," or symbolic years, or 42 months, or 1260 days.—Revelation 2:20-25; 11:2, 3; 12:6; 13:5.

As during Elijah's absence there was no rain, so during those 1260 years there was no spiritual rain. (Amos 8:11, 12.) The bishops suppressed the Bible because if the people heeded the teachings of Jesus and the Twelve Apostles whom He appointed (St. Paul taking the place of Judas), they would ignore the teachings of those who arrogated to themselves the power and authority which Jesus declared belonged only to The Twelve.

The Widow of Zarephath.

According to the Bible, those 1260 years began in 539 A. D., when ecclesiastical power attained persecuting ability, and ended in 1799 A. D., when the pope was taken prisoner to France. In another sense, however, the 1260 years would very properly extend from 325 A. D. to 1585 A. D. In 325 A. D. the self-styled apostolic bishops convened under the patronage of Emperor Constantine, constituted themselves the Ecumenical Council of Nice, and formulated the first of the great creeds—the Nicene Creed. Thenceforth the creeds were studied, and the Bible neglected. Since the 1260 years ended, the reform movement has prevailed—reformation by sects, each claiming to be the true Church. Now, however, Christian people, realizing that none of these denominations is Christ's Church, gather to the Lord.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THE COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one, article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section one of article eight, which reads as follows:

"Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

"First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

"Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

"Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

"Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," be amended so that the same shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every citizen, male or female, of twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

First. He or she shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He or she shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he or she shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He or she shall have resided in the election district where he or she shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he or she shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

Fifth. Wherever the words "he," "his," "him," and "himself" occur in any section of article VIII of this Constitution the same shall be construed as if written, respectively, "he or she," "his or her," "him or her," and "himself or herself."

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amend section eight, article nine of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenues in excess of the interest on said debt or debts, and the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking-fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained," so that it shall read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the consent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which on the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, exceeded seven per centum of such assessed valuation, and has not since been reduced to less than such per centum, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum in the aggregate at any one time, upon such valuation. The city of Philadelphia, upon the conditions hereinafter set forth, may increase its indebtedness to the extent of three per centum in excess of seven per centum upon such assessed valuation for the specific purpose of providing for all or any of the following purposes,—to wit: For the construction and improvement of subways, tunnels, railways, elevated railways, and other transit facilities; for the construction and improvement of wharves and docks and for the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of wharves and docks, owned or to be owned by said city. Such increase, however, shall only be made with the assent of the electors thereof at a public election, to be held in such manner as shall be provided by law. In ascertaining the borrowing capacity of said city of Philadelphia, at any time, there shall be excluded from the calculation a credit, where the work resulting from any previous expenditure, for any one or more of the specific purposes hereinabove enumerated shall be yielding to said city an annual current net revenue; the amount of which credit shall be ascertained by capitalizing the annual net revenue during the year immediately preceding the time of such ascertainment. Such capitalization shall be accomplished by ascertaining the principal amount which would yield such annual, current net revenue, at the average rate of interest, and sinking-fund charges payable upon the indebtedness incurred by said city for such purposes, up to the time of such ascertainment. The method of determining such amount, so to be excluded or allowed as a credit, may be prescribed by the General Assembly.

In incurring indebtedness, for any one, or more of said purposes of construction, improvement, or reclamation, the city of Philadelphia may issue its obligations maturing not later than fifty years from the date thereof, with provision for a sinking-fund sufficient to retire said obligation at maturity, the payments to such sinking-fund to be in equal or graded annual installments. Such obligations may be in an amount sufficient to provide for and may include the amount of the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing and which may accrue thereon throughout the period of construction and until the expiration of one year after the completion of the work for which said indebtedness shall have been incurred; and said city shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until the expiration of said period of one year after the completion of such work.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-one of article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amend section twenty-one, article three of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"No act of the General Assembly shall limit the amount to be recovered for injuries resulting in death, or for injuries to persons or property, and in case of death from such injuries, the right of action shall survive, and the General Assembly shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted. No act shall prescribe any limitations of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to persons or property, or for other causes different from those fixed by general laws regulating actions against natural persons, and such acts now existing are avoided," so that it shall read as follows:

The General Assembly may enact laws requiring the payment by employers, or employers and employes jointly, or reasonable compensation for injuries to employes arising in the course of their employment, and for occupational diseases of employes, whether or not such injuries or diseases result in death, and regardless of fault of employer or employe, and fixing the basis of ascertainment of such compensation and the maximum and minimum limits thereof, and providing special or general remedies for the collection thereof; but in no other cases shall the General Assembly limit the amount to be recovered for injuries resulting in death, or for injuries to persons or property, and in case of death from such injuries, the right of action shall survive, and the General Assembly shall prescribe for whose benefit such actions shall be prosecuted. No act shall prescribe any limitations of time within which suits may be brought against corporations for injuries to persons or property, or for other causes, different from those fixed by general laws regulating actions against natural persons, and such acts now existing are avoided.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 3.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth in accordance with provisions of the eighteenth (XVIII) article thereof.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth (XVIII) article thereof:—

AMENDMENT.

Laws may be passed providing for a system of registering, transferring, insuring of and guaranteeing land titles by the State, or by the counties thereof, and for settling and determining adverse or other claims to and interest in lands the titles to which are so registered, transferred, insured, and guaranteed; and for the creation and collection of indemnity funds; and for carrying the system and powers hereby provided for into effect by such existing courts as may be designated by the Legislature, and by the establishment of such new courts as may be deemed necessary. In matters arising in and under the operation of such system, judicial powers, with right of appeal, may be conferred by the Legislature upon county recorders and upon other officers by it designated. Such laws may provide for continuing the registering, transferring, insuring, and guaranteeing such titles after the first or original registration has been perfected by the court, and provision may be made for raising the necessary funds for expenses and salaries of officers, which shall be paid out of the treasury of the several counties.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

CYRUS E. WOODS,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

On Prisoners of War.

With reference to the modern treatment of prisoners of war, it is interesting to recall the views which R. L. Stevenson in his novel, "St. Ives," puts into the mouth of a French prisoner of war in Edinburgh castle, which was turned into a military prison in the time of Napoleon. He says: "There is a horrible practice in England to trick out in ridiculous uniform and, as it were, to brand in mass, not only convicts, but military prisoners and even the children in charity schools. I think some malignant genius had found his masterpiece of irony in the dress which we were condemned to wear—jacket, waistcoat and trousers of a sulphur or mustard yellow and a shirt of blue and white stripe cotton."—London Standard.

Real Chivalry.

"I want you," said the fair society leader, "to give me a plain opinion about my picture."

"Madame," said the gallant cavalier, bowing, "to speak in plain terms of that portrait would be impossible."—Baltimore American

NAVAL ENGINEERS

Obscure Heroes of the Warships When a Battle Rages.

BOTTLED UP BELOW DECKS.

They Get None of the Glory and the Fine Thrill of Combat, but Just a Little Harder Work Than Usual. Perils of the Officers and Stokers.

There is a man in the navy who is too often forgotten, even by the authorities, when they are "dishing out" rewards and praise for successful operations at sea, and that man is the man who makes the wheels go round inside the ship.

If the wheels stop then the modern warship lies on the water like an armed tin can, waiting for some one to sail round it, plug it full of holes and sink it.

A fighting ship, to put up any sort of battle at all, must be able to get on with it at the rate of knots, as the sailors say when they mean at high speed, and the men who make that possible are the engineers and the stokers. The engineer officers are highly skilled scientists, with no use for the fear of death.

The stoker, far below the waterline, shovels coal, and he gathers there is a battle on, when there is, by the fact that he has to work twice as hard as he thought he could, and by the infernal racket made by the guns, and by the projectiles of the enemy, which have found a new home aboard the ship.

He has none of the glory and the fine thrill of battle—only an increase in his ordinary work.

He works by lamplight to keep steam up, and he knows there has been a victory when some one tells him, unless he happens to be working in his "spare" time at the ammunition hoists near the roaring guns.

Even now in many ships and once in all the engineer officers and their men are shut down in their working place, and they cannot get out, for it is necessary for them to so be closed up. It is not, of course, necessary to keep them there to make them do their work, but because the ships' engines run under forced draft, and the only way to get that is to batten down the stokeholds.

They become, in fact, part of the pipe, if one can call it that, along which the air is pumped to the fires to make them burn more fiercely, just as one bucks up the kitchen range with the bellows. If the hatches leading to the upper decks were open the air would be pumped out through them and would not pass through the white hot furnaces.

If she is torpedoed and sinks suddenly down go the engineers and the stokers without the chance of swimming for it as the others have when the order "Each man for himself!" is given by the executive officer in charge of the vessel.

In the case of the oil driven warships there is not, it need hardly be said, that added risk for the engine room staff. There is no need to shut them down, and in case of sinking they have no further risk than that entailed by the time taken for the order to get down to them and for them to get up on deck. They are, however, the people most likely to go to fragments when a torpedo comes knocking on the ship's side, or, rather, down among her foundations.

And there are steam pipes filled with scalding and sudden death, flooding the engine room in an instant with biting, blinding, searing fog, somewhere above boiling point, for high pressure steam is hotter stuff than comes out of the spout of a kettle. A shell through the main steam pipes, and goodby to those who are near the damage.

The engineer officer knows all this and often has seen some of the things that can happen taking place on a small but significant scale. While the gunners get the glory he watches the wheels go round, listens not to the scream of the shells or the hammer strokes of projectiles on armor plate, but to the telltale songs of the complex mechanisms over which he presides with the coolness of a naval officer, the skill of a man of science and the tenderness of a Red Cross nurse.

Every moment may be the last moment the life in his body has, but he must not think of that.

Down there in the bowels of the fighting ship he must keep his mind clear to think of a thousand details, and be must do it without any of the exhilaration that comes from watching the effect of the guns on the enemy's ships.

He never sees a shot go home; he never sees an enemy's flag pulled down in defeat.

He sees only his engines and the men tending them.

If all goes well and the enemy runs or strikes the engineer commander hears all about it at mess. If things go wrong he feels it quite unmistakably in his person.

Get one unlucky shot into the engine room and it is up to him, so long as volition is left to him, to put that thing right, and he must not draw fires until there is not another thing he can do first. In battle so long as there is a dog's chance to do so he must keep steam up, for steam is the breath of life to the ship, and he must take risks when he is making repairs that would give the landsman spasms.—London Answers.

Charity begins at home, but don't let selfishness start there too.—Detroit Free Press.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 26, 1915

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub

Subscription rate, $1.50 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year.....60
One Quarter Column, 1 year.....35

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Truth is no match for a woman's tongue.

Many a successful man got his start in life from a hickory switch.

Eve wasn't the last woman in this world to find a man who would bite.

Remember when you're killing time, that your time may be somebody else's money.

The Panama Canal is a likely youngster, but it doesn't seem to be completely broken to harness yet.

Money talks, and now when the American dollar has something to say, all the world takes notice.

It is better to stay away from church and keep your hands clean than to pay pew rent with tainted money.

Brittania rules the waves, but the sea dosen't wave very far below the surface, and Brittania, as a ruler, seems to be a little short at one end.

Becker has been buried, and Thaw is off for the Pan-American Fair, and justice in New York state stands on a pedestal with her eyes bandaged.

The Allies on the western line are holding their own, but the censor has to admit that the Kaiser seems to be holding about everything else in sight.

Berlin complains of a shortage of beer, and London complains of too much; which shows the difference of temparament and—maybe the difference in the beer.

It just took Napoleon twenty years to teach the nations of Europe enough about the war for them to whip him, and if the Kaiser's generals keep on long enough the Allies may learn how to do it.

England's method of concealing the number of its troops has succeeded remarkably well. Rumor say that England has 4,000,000 men under arms, but the Germans don't believe it; they haven't seen that many.

It is reasonable to suppose that among a hundred million of us, there are to be found some mean Americans. When Congress sent money over to Europe to aid stranded Americans in getting out of the war zone, it was expressly stipulated that the money advanced must be repaid where the stranded ones possessed the wherewithal for reimbursement. Quite a number of those who possessed it failed to fork over. Our Uncle Samuel is going to collect. And, what's as bad or worse, the secretary of the Treasury is not only going to sue them, but he is going to publish their names for all the world to see just how mean they are. And when he does, they will get mighty little sympathy from the public.

GEORGIA JUSTICE?

The nation looks today on the State of Georgia with loathing contempt. And the disgrace which the mob who murdered Leo Frank has brought upon the state is shared by the men of honor and courage among her people. For the people of Georgia are not cut-throats and assassins. Only a minority among them believe in mob rule, But that minority has overborne the rest and silenced them. Now, if Georgia is to have any future worthy of her fame, this great majority of self-respecting and courageous citizens must assert themselves. And, of course, the immediate question is the punishment of Frank's murderers. If these men escape the full penalty for their crime, there is an end of justice in the state of Georgia. If they are punished to the limit of the law, a blow will be struck at mob rule that will affect for all time not only that state but every other state, North or South, where weak officials make murder safe and easy.

We have had lynchings without number for years. This case is no worse in itself than many others. But it so happens that the attention of the entire nation has already been focused upon this man Frank, and so for once the sentiment of the country will find expression in its condemnation of a crime that is typical of a class. Any civilization that can tolerate such acts is rotten at the core. And it is for Georgia now to cut out this festering disease, at whatever cost of blood or suffering, and show the way for other states to rid themselves of a social sore that threatens the moral life of the Republic. It is to be regretted that the officials of the state of Georgia, were so illy prepared for such a deplorable disaster; more especia'ly when the event was anticipated.

A number of the Southern papers, even in Georgia, realize that the abominable outrage of the Frank lynching has disgraced the state. But there are a few, besides the paper of Tom Watson, which try to justify the crime as the logical result of what they call outside interference. Of one thing, however, they may rest assured. Georgia stands dishonored, and alone among the nation. If it is to be saved, it must save itself. It has not manhood enough to blast this sickening product of "Southern Chivalry," and enforce respect for the laws of the state and the common principles of humanity. It will get no aid or encouragement from any other state. Justice in Georgia has been brought into contempt before the entire country, and there will be no outside help or interference in the work of redeeming it. To put it mildly, it is a shame and an outrage.

CARRANZA THE EGOTIST.

The egotist, Carranza, now occupies the position of the dog in the manger. A stubborn, proud, aristocratic, bigoted old man, with a maximum of self-assertion and a minimum of practical efficiency, he would rather ruin his country single-handed than see it saved by anyone else. He would make a fine figure of a President if Mexico were an orderly Republic. But Mexico requires a dictator, and Carranza does not qualify. And the South American countries that have joined in the note urging all Mexicans to get together will play into Carranza's hand if they persist in refusing to back up the ultimatum by agreeing to unite with us in armed intervention. For the threat of joint intervention would give rival Mexican leaders a chance to yield. But if the United States stands alone, Carranza might easily swing all the fighters into line under his leadership for the purpose of defending their country against us. Many of them undoubtedly believe that America wants Mexican territory. And the belief is widely held in South America. This anarchy is probable going to lead us into Mexico. President Wilson is a man of unusual patience, but we believe those people, in Europe or America, who think his patience is weakness are greatly mistaken in him. And when the time comes for intervention, we must rob Carranza of his chief argument for opposing us by making plain to all the world, including any Mexicans who have intelligence enough to understand it, that we are not going into the country for the purpose of conquest, but solely for the purpose of giving Mexico back to the Mexican people.

MEXICO'S LAST OPPORTUNITY.

There seems to be a great desire of the President to settle the Mexican trouble, if possible, without involving the United States. He is evidently still inclined to play off one faction against the others, and let Mexicans, with the moral backing of America, do the actual fighting. He tried that in the case of Huerta, lifted the embargo on arms to aid Carranza, and then discovered that Carranza wasn't strong enough to hold his own followers in line. Now it is his purpose apparently to have the South American nations join him in picking another Mexican leader, or allowing the Mexican factions themselves to select the leader, and have this leader do the actual fighting necessary to restore order. Failing in that, there may be joint intervention, but thus far intervention has not been brought forward as a practical feature of the program.

The method proposed by the President in Mexico, the idea of playing one faction against the other, is still the only method for dealing with our European complications when the time comes, as it surely will, for ending talk and beginning action. We propose to offer, for the last time, the benefit of American friendship and support to the Mexican factions that will yield to our demands.

The same kind of an offer, in a joint ultimatum to England and Germany, would play off the European belligerents against each other, and give this country its best chance of peacefully up-holding its position before the world.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

All Europe Laughed When Their Use Was First Suggested.

LOOKED UPON AS A HUGE JOKE

Rowland Hill Was Ridiculed For His Wild Postal Reform Idea, but He Persisted and Finally Won the Day For the Little Friend of Humanity.

Not since the days of the discovery of printing had there come to human beings such a boon as was launched in England on May 6, 1840, when the first postage stamps, the little friends of humanity, were used. That date in history marked the beginning of popular communication, placing within the reach of the poorest peasant the means of writing to relatives and friends. It put the people of the world into closer touch, it encouraged the art of writing as no other agency had done. But, greatest of all, it spread civilization.

Millions of people who today open their mail scarcely glance at the little stamp that adorns the wrapper. It but represents to them the cost of transporting and handling by the government.

Few indeed realize that the postage stamp is a modern contrivance, and that its great aid to modern life has played a remarkable part in the world's development during the past three quarters of a century.

It was in 1840 that Rowland Hill, an English schoolmaster, stirred all Europe to laughter by declaring that James Chalmers and himself had devised a system whereby a two sheet letter could be sent from London to Edinburgh for two cents and yet leave the government a fair profit on the transaction. At that time the fee was 54 cents for that distance for a two sheet letter.

Such a radical idea as Hill's seemed ridiculous to the public, which had looked upon the sending of communications as an expensive luxury. And so the joke went around, and the poor laughed with the others at the idea of any means that would place them on a par with the aristocracy.

Hill persisted despite the ridicule. He worked diligently on his schedule, and when the time was ripe he flashed the system on parliament and the public. Hill offered proof that was incontrovertible that the actual cost of the government for carrying each letter averaged only a small fraction of a cent.

He proved that the expense of hiring men to figure out postal rates on the system then existing, based on distance and the number of sheets, was greater than the profit gained, and he urged the adoption of a flat rate for all letters under a certain weight, no matter how short or long a journey they were to make.

He originated the idea of pasting a label on every letter, to show that the cost had been prepaid to the government, and pointed out that this would save the expense and time of collecting at point of delivery, which custom was then in general use.

The idea sprung by Hill and his friend, James Chalmers, gained friends after the first roars of laughter had died away. The government was pressed by not a few thinkers of the time to adopt the system. And so on May 6, 1840, postage stamps, or "stamped labels," as they were called at the time, were inaugurated. On the first stamp was a profile picture of the young Queen Victoria. The effect on the postoffice was instantaneous. Within two years—and they were panic years at that—the business of the postoffice nearly trebled.

The postage stamp came into use in the United States in 1847, seven years after Great Britain had adopted it. Five and ten cent stamps were the first American postage stamps, and they carried the heads of Franklin and Washington. Four years later the letter rate was lowered to 3 cents, and in 1883 to 2 cents.

Before the postage stamp was adopted the postal charges were more moderate in the United States than in England. Our rates were 6 cents for thirty miles or less, 12½ cents up to 150 miles, 18¾ cents up to 400 miles and 25 cents for every distance over that.

Hill, the discoverer of postage stamps, was knighted and received a gift of $45,000, raised by public subscription.—Detroit Journal

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge $25. Announcements of candidates for Sheriff County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, $10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, $5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR JUDGE

We are authorized to announce as the candidate of the people and for the people the name of J. Kennedy Johnston for the office of Judge in Centre County (being the 49th., Judicial District) who respectfully solicits your influence and support on his behalf for said office upon a non-partisan ticket.

We are authorized to announce that N. B Spangler is a candidate for the office of Judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries to be held, Tuesday, September 21st.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of President Judge of Centre County on the non-partisan ballot.

CLEMENT DALE.

To the electors of Centre County:—

I hereby announce as a candidate for the office of Judge of the Courts of Centre County, pledging an honest, prompt and efficient administration. Your vote and support are earnestly solicited, both at the primary, September 21st, and the election, November 2d, 1915.

HENRY C. QUIGLEY,
Bellefonte, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of Ellis L. Orvis, of Bellefonte borough, for nomination for President Judge in Centre County on the non-partisan ticket at the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of James C. Furst, of Bellefonte borough, for the Republican nomination for District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Republican electors at the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Furst respectfully asks the influence and support of all Republicans, assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the forth coming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS,
Clarence, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of A. H. Hartswick, of State College township, for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican electors of Centre County at may be expressed by them at the primary election of 1915. Mr. Hartswick asks the support of all Republican voters at the primaries assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR RECORDER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of William H. Brown, of Bellefonte Borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry W. Schreffler, of Bellefonte borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr Schreffler respectfully asks the support of al Republicans at the primaries, assuring them that it will be appreciated.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of J. Wells Smith, of Howard Township, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Republican electors at the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Smith cordially asks the kindly influence and support of all Republicans.

FOR REGISTER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of George W. Rees, of Bellefonte Borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket for Register of Centre County, subject to the decision of the Republican electors at the primaries to be held September 21st, 1915. Mr. Rees respectfully solicits the kindly influence and support of all Republicans.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Isaac Miller, (carpenter), of Bellefonte borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries of 1915 for the office of County Commissioner. Mr Miller respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the county.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry S. Stuart, of Sandy Ridge, Rush Township, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915. Mr. Stuart respectfully asks the support of all Republicans for the nomination.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry P. Austin, of Milesburg Borough, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Austin respectfully asks the support of all Republicans.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Robert D. Musser, farmer, of Gregg Township (P. O. Address Spring Mills Bell phone 11-R-5) for Republican nomination for County Commissioner. Mr. Musser respectfully asks the kindly influence and support of the Republican voters of Centre County at the primaries to be held on September 21st 1915.

George H. Houck, of Rush township, (P. O. Address, Philipsburg, Pa.,) announces himself as a Republican candidate for nomination for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the rules governing the Primary election on September 21st, 1915.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of W. C. Cassidy for Republican nomination for the office of Justice of the Peace in the South and West Wards of Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of Horace M. Musser for Republican nomination for Justice of the Peace in the North Ward of Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Musser respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the North Ward.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of C. H. Gramley, of Miles Township (Post Office, Rebersburg, Pa.) for nomination on the Republican ticket for County Auditor, subject to the decisions of the Republican electors at the primaries on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Gramley respectfully solicits the influence and support of all Republicans.

TWO BEARS IN EVERY FAMILY

"Bear and Forbear" Means Peace Not Only in the Home, but in the Neighborhood.

An old saying has it that there should be kept in every family two bears—"bear and forbear."

Forbearance will often save friendships strained almost to breaking. It means peace in the family and between neighbors. It smooths one's way through the hard places in life.

When the angry or impatient words come rushing to the tongue, forbear. When an irritating thing is said or done and your impulse is to resentment or retaliation, forbear. To bear an affront in silence or to turn it off, as though none were intended has prevented many a quarrel.

Of course there is another proverb that says there is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue. And as in most proverbs there is truth in this, too. It means that habitually putting up with every affront, knowing no point at which to resent attacks, is simply to invite insult and injury. There is a time when resentment has its place, but there is never a time for revenge.

Forbearance is the better motto. There is less danger of our being too meek than too quick to take up the quarrel.—Milwaukee Journal.

Simple Life at St. Andrews.

The university of St. Andrews, where Professor Herkless is appointed principal in succession to Sir James Donaldson, formerly bore closer resemblance to our southern seats of learning than the other Scottish universities.

The practice of residing within the walls prevailed longer here than elsewhere, and ceased mainly because the rooms were allowed to become uninhabitable in the interest of the professors' Candlemas dividends. Andrew Lang once met an aged St. Andrews man who remembered the last undergraduate resident in college. He certainly lived "the simple life," because he cooked for himself and peeled his potatoes with a razor!

But the resident undergraduates must have been troublesome tenants, says the Westminster Gazette. They had a playful habit of breaking all the windows when they left, and one of them declared that if he did not get more drink he would burn down the college.

ORANGES TO PUT OUT FIRE

Ingenious Man Uses Juice of Golden Fruit to Extinguish Blaze in California.

Orange juice as a fire extinguisher was successfully used at Fillmore, Cal., by Will Wileman. While crossing the Bardsdale bridge with a load of oranges, Wileman noticed smoke issuing from a crack on one of the approaches—of the bridge—a fire probably caused by a lighted cigar or cigarette carelessly thrown away. He jumped from his wagon and discovered a blaze slowly eating its way upward from the planking. With the help of several passers-by he hastily spread several armfuls of oranges from his wagon over the crack and started stamping on them, causing the juice from the golden fruit to penetrate through the crack to the fire, extinguishing it.

Naval Cutting Tools.

Extraordinary results have been obtained by the bureau of ordnance of the navy department with cutting tools produced by a novel process.

Instead of making the tool from high-cost tool steel, containing the carbon and other elements in its entire mass, these tools are made of soft steel, easily shaped into the proper form, and then treated by the so-called "infusion" process, the carbon and other elements being placed in contact with the metal in the form of a special powder and subjected to a heat treatment which causes the soft steel to become hardened to such a depth as to convert it into cutting material even superior to the far more costly tool steel.

Milling cutters made by the infusion process cut deeper, faster and farther than tools made of the best carbon tool steel, and fully as well as cutters made from modern high-speed tool steel of far higher cost. The infusion process appears superior to any hardening process hitherto in use at the naval gun factory.

One She's Overlooked.

"Mrs. Prebscomb is engaged in all kinds of charitable work."

"A busy woman, I dare say."

"Yes, indeed. She's so busy finding homes for the homeless that Mr. Prebscomb, one of the most conspicuous examples of the sort I ever saw, spends most of the time at his club."

—— HEADQUARTERS FOR ——

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

Hamilton Watches

in all grades and all sizes. We want you to come in and look this watch over reputed to be, and positively is, the very best American watch made. Used by over half the railroad men of the United States.

Use our phones. Both just inside the door, FREE

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Samuel Heverly and Mrs. Dora Gault, both of Lock Haven, were quietly married at the Baptist parsonage by the Rev. S. S. Clark on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. After spending Sunday with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sellars, they left that evening for their new home in Lock Haven. The best wishes of the community go to Mr. and Mrs. Heverly for their married life.

On account of the absence of Rev. S. S. Clark next Sunday, Rev. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte, will occupy the pulpit both morning and evening. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

Richard Shroyer, after spending two months with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shroyer, has returned to his home in Lewistown.

Miss Grace Schenck Sundayed in Howard.

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Oyler and family, of Gettysburg, are visiting their many friends in this section.

Mrs. Thomas Brent left Tuesday for Philadelphia, after visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sellars.

Mrs. T. A. Hugg spent Tuesday in Lock Haven.

Harry Austin is spending the week in Philipsburg electioneering.

Miss Ruth Kreamer, after spending the past two weeks with relatives, has returned to her home in Berwick.

Mrs. Minerva Scott, of Sandusky, is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Suiter, of Williamsport, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rickard.

Miss Sara Shultz is visiting in Tyrone.

Miss Thompson, of Washington, D. C., is visiting Miss Martha King.

Miss Nellie Rankin, of Johnstown, is visiting Mrs. Jonathan Walker.

Mrs. Edward Neff is on the sick list.

Mrs. Avery, of Sylvania, Sundayed with Miss Annie Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowl are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter on Sunday evening.

Misses Jennie and Naomi Adams are visiting friends in Philipsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Rote, of Coleville, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Crowl.

Mrs. Fount Shope and daughter, of Sunbury, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullock.

Mrs. Stites and daughter, of Harrisburg, are visiting Rev. and Mrs. Lepley.

Miss Ellie McIntire, of Howard, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Hugg.

Mrs. Harry Martin, of Cleveland, Ohio, is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary McKinley, who was hurt so seriously last week.

Mrs. Theodore Lipton, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jane Austin.

Mr. H. T. Mann has broken ground for a new house on Main Street.

Edward Neff has his new dwelling ready to be cased with the brick.

The State-Centre Co. has started work on their two new houses.

George Tibbins, of Houtzdale, visited his sister, Mrs. Emeleline Comer, last week.

George Thomas and daughter, of Howard, spent Tuesday with Rev. and Mrs. Clark.

Mt. Eagle.

A few of our Mt. Eagle people attended the Howard business men's picnic in Schenck's grove Thursday of last week.

Edgar Neff recently shipped a car load of mine props to Tyrone.

Miss Ethel Bitner, after spending a week with her aunt at Coalport, returned to her home here last Friday.

Miss Alice Dunkle, who lives at Mill Hall, spent Sunday night here with her sister and mother.

Mrs. John Braumbaugh and son Thomas, of Altoona, recently visited several days with her father, J. R. Pheasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Claunton and three children, of Pittsburgh, are spending a brief vacation at the home of Mrs. Etta Leathers.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Leathers attended the funeral of Mrs. Spearing last Sunday.

Miss Florence Leathers and her mother went to Perth Amboy, N. J., on Wednesday to make their home there during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hiram are among those taking in the Old Home Week exercises at Lock Haven this week.

The ladies of Mt. Eagle will hold a festival in the school house yard on Saturday night, August 28th. Everybody come and bring your friends.

Hays Daughenbaugh spent Sunday at home.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble use Doan' Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children. 50c a box at all stores.

A Message for You—
From Headquarters

New Post Toasties

For Breakfast

A delicious food---different from ordinary "corn flakes." Each flake has a body and firmness---doesn't mush down, but keeps crisp when cream is added.

New Post Toasties are the tender meats of white Indian Corn, skilfully cooked, daintily seasoned, and toasted to an appetizing golden-brown. They come to you oven-fresh, in tight-sealed, wax-wrapped packages---ready to eat with cream, milk or fruit.

New Post Toasties

---the Superior Corn Flakes

Your grocer has them now.

Pine Grove Mills.

Aaron Burchfield, a grizzled Civil war veteran, from Dayton, Ohio, is visiting with old comrades and other friends in the valley.

Rev. R. W. Illingsworth is steering a new Maxwell car and doing it very successfully, too.

Robert Gardner, of Pittsburgh, and Harry Gardner, of New York, are visiting this week at the home of their youth.

John Gingerick is nursing a colony of Job's Comforters.

J. O. Campbell and wife and little Ferguson Potter spent Sunday with relatives at State College.

Postmaster Close, of Oak Hall, has the auto fever.

Bilger and Zimmerman motored up from Pleasant Gap Sunday and spent the day at the J. B. Whitmer home at White Hall.

Myton and Scott, Stone valley drovers, were here last week and made some purchases, but desirable stock seems scarce and high in price.

J. W. Fry and Mary and Mabel Goss were royally entertained at the J. F. Kimport home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Maggie Meek, after an all-summer visit among friends in the valley, departed last Friday for her home in Altoona.

Grandmother Margaret Hartswick was taken to the Danville hospital last Friday by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hartswick and Mrs. N. N. Hartswick. The dear old lady has been frail of body and mind all summer, as the result of a partial stroke of paralysis.

C. M. Trostel, tenant farmer on the W. H. Goss farm, has rented the Cal Krebs farm, to take possession April 1st, 1916.

Samuel Homan, one of the P. R. R. clerical force at the Altoona shops, is here and contemplates going to farming next spring.

O. P. Bloom is shy a good cow that had to be killed owing to a fractured hind leg.

James B. Piper and wife and daughter Anna, of Alexandria, spent the Sabbath at the home of Daniel Barr, on Main Street.

Don't miss the picnic this coming Saturday, under the auspices of the band. The State College and Boalsburg teams will cross bats in the afternoon.

J. W. Sunday is on the sick list and time-keeper Harry Keller is temporarily filling the job of quarry boss on the State road work.

George Burwell visited over Sunday with his brother Allen, in Tyrone.

Chester Johnson is nursing a big carbuncle on his right arm, and consequently Road Foreman Hurley is shy a worker.

Murray Smith went to the Wills Eye Hospital in Philadelphia for treatment on Tuesday. During the last hunting season one eye was injured and is sightless and lately the other member has become weakened.

Rev. A. A. Black and a party of friends motored in from Clearfield last Saturday and visited with State College friends. Sunday evening the former filled the pulpit in the Pine Hall Reformed church and was greeted by a large congregation.

Miss Emma Dunn, of New York; Miss May Stalker, of Alexandria, and Miss Emma VanTries, of Union Furnace, are visiting at the N. E. McWilliams home at Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lytle, of Hollidaysburg, were here for the picnic and visited friends in the valley over Sunday.

The Weather Man had bad weather in store for the annual Baileyville picnic last Saturday. A drizzling rain that fell all morning kept many persons at home. 300 persons were at the Tyrone station for the 7.30 train but failed to get aboard. Some of the coaches were filled on the route down and the crowd at the picnic was even larger than looked for under the circumstances. Many strangers remained at the picnic grounds for supper and got a thorough soaking. The rain fell in torrents. Ninety gallons of ice cream were sold and most of the provision disposed of, so that the treasurer has a very nice nest egg on hand. Quite a crop of Centre County candidates were on hand to greet the dear voters.

A Rival to the "Marseillaise."

Writing in Musical Opinion, Gerald Cumberland says: "The records of history contain but few examples of great works of musical art created during a time of war. The 'Marseillaise' is one such example, and Sir Edward Elgar's 'Chantons, Belges, Chantons,' is another. Greatly as I admire the former undying melody, I do not believe it is in any respect greater than the latter."

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

For Sale Cheap.

1 large refrigerator.
1 cream separator.
1 ice box.
2 sticking machines.
1 shingle jointer.
2 shingle bolting machines.
1 drag saw machine.
1 35-horse power engine.
1 automatic box board machine.
Lot of used machinery, shafting and pulleys.
Store counters and tables.
Would take lumber in exchange. Apply to

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Woodward.

Mrs. Dr. Kuhlm, from Coroapolis, is visiting at the home of her parents, Dr. W. O. Ards.

Allen Hess, wife and children Francis and Eby, from Yeagertown, visited the lady's parents, N. W. Eby's on Saturday and Sunday.

John Miller, wife and grandson, from Sunbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Von Neida and daughter, from Laurelton, were visitors at the home of Mrs. Mary Motz Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. William Fultz and Mrs. L. L. Harris and daughter, Miss Edna, are attending the Booneville campmeeting.

Mrs. Oliver Trautman and two children, from Norristown; Mrs. Mazie Catherman, from Jersey City; Miss Hazel Catherman from Philadelphia, and Mrs. W. J. Smith and daughter, Martha, were entertained at the home of Mrs. A. M. Yearick one day last week.

After spending six weeks at the home of the lady's parents, Prof. Stover, wife and daughter, Miss Grace, returned to their home in Bloomfield N. J., this week.

Having spent three weeks with her parents, Miss Bessie Von Neida returned to her home in Reading last week.

Miss Charlotte Guisewite, from Philadelphia, spent several days last week with her mother, Mrs. Emil Von Neida.

THE WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Aug. 23, 1914.

Japan declares war on Germany.
Namur, Belgium, captured by the Germans.
French and English forces moved northward against German right wing.
Germans occupied Luneville, northeastern France.
Austria announced victory over Russians at Krasnik.

Aug. 24, 1914.

Retreat of the English forces from Mons began.
Germans in East Prussia retreated before Russians.
Antwerp bombarded by German Zeppelin.
Japanese warships bombarded Tsingtau.

Aug. 25, 1914.

Austria declared war on Japan.
Germans in East Prussia retreated on Koenigsberg.
Russians reached point within eighty miles of Lemberg, Galicia.
Fronch evacuated Muelhausen.

Aug. 26, 1914.

Germans burned Louvain, Belgium.
Longwy, France, occupied by the Germans.
German Togoland, West Africa, surrendered to British force from Nigeria.
French cabinet resigned and new ministry was announced.
Belgium protested to United States against German acts.
British marines landed at Ostend.

Aug. 27, 1914.

Austria declared war on Belgium.
German auxiliary cruiser Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse sunk by British cruiser Highflyer off West coast of Africa.
German cruiser Magdeburg sunk in Gulf of Finland.
Three day battle begun at Oertelsburg, East Prussia, that resulted in Russian defeat.
French retreated from Lille, Roubaix and Valenciennes.
Japan blockaded Kiaochow.

Aug. 28, 1914.

French cabinet issued a manifesto.
Gen. von Kluck defeated the French near Maubeuge.
Gens. von Buelow and von Hausen defeated the Franco-Belgian forces between the Sambre and the Meuse.
Two German cruisers and two torpedo boats sunk by British fleet near Helgoland.
Germans attacked the Belgian Congo.
German airships again bombarded Antwerp.
Norway and Sweden formed military alliance to preserve their neutrality.

Easy to See Parable.

Life insurance companies estimate that there are from 30,000 to 40,000 people in this country, beneficiaries of policies, who have made no claim for the money that belongs to them and whose whereabouts is unknown to the companies. Every effort is made to find the heirs of policyholders who die, but often the attempt is futile. Wealth running into the millions awaits the appearance of claimants who can make good their title, but, either through ignorance or indifference, no rightful hand is reached to take it. In which is a parable, for life is full of treasures that may be had for the mere opening of the eyes to see or the expanding of the heart to accommodate, and yet thousands live and die without them.—Exchange.

Largest Rose 19 Inches.

R. S. Hardie Baugh, a rose enthusiast of Ontario, Cal., is displaying a bloom of the William Shean variety which measures six inches in diameter and nearly nineteen inches in circumference. The rose is perfectly formed and fragrant. Mr. Baugh declares that a fertilizer of rotted potato parings was responsible for the mammoth blossom. In color it is of a delicate shade of pink.

Pure Olive Oil

CASTILE SOAP

Made in Castile, Spain

YOU WILL LIKE IT

The Best Soap For Baby and Delicate Skin

Imported Expressly for

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

HIGHEST COURAGE.

The Bravery That Goes Hand In Hand With Cowardice.

A MEDICAL VIEW OF HEROISM.

The World's Estimate of True Valor, It Is Claimed, Is Superficial and Silly, as That Which It Stamps With Approval Is Lack of Sensibility.

"What is true courage?" asks the American Journal of Clinical Medicine, and answers that the world's estimate of courage is superficial and silly.

"Highest in the world's scale of heroism," it says, "is the cool, careless audacity that marches up to the mouth of the cannon with a flower in its cap and a frivolous song on its lips, as serene as on parade. Such bravery is really the very lowest in the scale, if indeed it be in the scale at all, except in the sense that zero is a part of the scale. It is not courage at all, but sheer lack of sensibility, either from ignorance or from accustomedness. It is in quality the same mental attitude in which the ignorant, impassive mine worker walks around in the fire damps, and when they explode he, too, becomes a popular hero.

"Next highest in the world's gauge—next lowest in the true scale—is the courage that dares a quick danger in a sudden emergency. In itself this is hardly a more genuine brand of courage than the first, except that it involves a more or less unselfish disciplining of the man previous to the demand that is made on him. Even so, it is more a matter of habit than of quality. The fact that there is no time to count the cost robs it of any deliberate merit. Many a man, in fact, is surprised into a heroism which is really no part of him. Certainly it is no high grade of courage. Rather, let us say, it is a negative sort of quality, to which if a man does not respond on demand we conclude there is some positive quality of poltroonery about him.

"Still lower in the world's estimation—still higher in actual worth—is the courage which calmly and deliberately holds its course of duty in the face of almost certain calamity and misfortune, the quiet resolution to meet one's fate in the face of foregone disaster and disappointment, the steadfast setting of one's face to go to Jerusalem. Of all forms of heroism none will so surely win the love and confidence of human hearts, which is worth a hundred times the admiration of human minds, than this.

"Higher yet in the true scale—lower yet in the popular guage—is the courage that sustains itself, as it were, upon nothing but its own unconquerable stamina. The man who, though his fights be all defeats, still fights, who, though he has been a failure in the past and knows himself (as many a keenly sensitive man knows himself) to be a failure and is doomed to be a failure for the rest of his life, rises patiently and indomitably every morning to face the inevitable defeat of the day with equanimity and sweetness—there is a courage, my masters, of which the kings and victors of the earth are not capable.

"But there is a yet higher quality of courage, the highest of all in the true scale, but so little esteemed in the popular mind that it will hardly be accorded a place in the scale at all unless, as I said in respect of the first type, to be zero is to be a part of the gauge. It is the courage of cowardice, the bravery of the man who is afraid, but who in mortal funk and abject fear, with throbbing heart and sweating brow, forces himself to do the thing from which he shrinks. This, which the world sneers at as cowardice, is the highest courage of all. In fact, it is the only true courage, for it sets all the agonized effort of a man's soul against all the fears and terrors that the powers of darkness can bring upon him."

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

WANTED—Good home for bright boy of 8 or 9 years. Apply to Childrens Aid Society, Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—One bay horse, pacer, record 2:14, age 8 yrs, weight 1050. Apply to Mrs. C. Clark, Osceola Mills, Pa. H. & C. phone.

SALESMEN WANTED—Salesmen acquainted with merchants. Large demand Lib. comm. pocket samples. Wirth Salesbook Co., Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Large knitting mill invites correspondence with women desirous of earning money, full time or spare hours. Experience unnecessary. Good pay. Address INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Inc. Dept. 21 Norristown, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. 2 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

GUARANTEED SALARY—To trustworthy woman or man in this locality to distribute hosiery direct mill to wearer. Position permanent. No experience. All or spare time. For complete outfit and particulars apply International Mills, Inc. Dept. B. Norristown Pa.

LOST—Split bamboo, jointed fishing rod, in black cardboard case. May have been lost on State road between Bellefonte and Lamar, or on the road in the narrows between Lamar station and the Cherry Run bridge, along Fishing Creek. On the case was a label bearing the name, "Charles, Jr." Finder will be rewarded on returning same to Charles E. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out-buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of $7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

TWENTY-FIFTH EPISODE.

THE LOST TORPEDO.

From the rocks of a promontory that jutted out not far from the wharf where Wu Fang's body was found and Kennedy had disappeared, opened up a beautiful panorama of a bay on one side and the sound on the other.

It was a deserted bit of coast. But anyone who had been standing near the promontory the next day might have seen a thin line, as if the water, sparkling in the sunlight, had been cut with a huge knife. Gradually a thin steel rod seemed to rise from the water itself, still moving ahead, though slowly now as it pushed its way above the surface. After it came a round cylinder of steel, studded with bolts. It was the hatch of a submarine, and the rod was the periscope.

As the submarine lay there at rest, the waves almost breaking over it, the hatch slowly opened and a hand appeared groping for a hold. Then appeared a face with a tangle of curly black hair and keen, forceful eyes. After it the body of a man rose out of the hatch, a tall, slender, striking person. He reached down into the hold of the boat and drew forth a life preserver.

"All right," he called down in an accent slightly foreign, as he buckled on the belt. "I shall communicate with you as soon as I have something to report."

Then he deliberately plunged overboard and struck out for the shore. Hand over hand, he churned his way through the water toward the beach until at last his feet touched bottom, and he waded out, shaking the water from himself like a huge animal.

The coming of the stranger had not been entirely unheralded. Along the shore road by which Kennedy and I had followed the crooks who we thought had the torpedo, on that last chase, was waiting now a powerful limousine with its motor purring. A chauffeur was sitting at the wheel and inside, at the door, sat a man peering out along the road to the beach. Suddenly the man in the machine signaled to the driver.

"He comes!" he cried eagerly. "Drive down the road, closer, and meet him."

As the swimmer strode shivering up the roadway the car approached him. The assistant swung open the door and ran forward with a thick, warm coat and hat.

Neither the master nor the servant spoke as they met, but the man wrapped the coat about him, hurried into the car, the driver turned and quickly they sped toward the city.

Secretly though the entrance of the stranger had been planned, however, it was not unobserved.

Along the beach, on a bowlder, gazing thoughtfully out to sea and smoking an old brier pipe, sat a bent fisherman clad in an oilskin hat and heavy, ungainly boots. About his neck was a long woolen muffler which concealed the lower part of his face quite as effectually as his scraggly, grizzled whiskers.

Suddenly he seemed to discover something that interested him, slowly rose, then turned and almost ran up the shore. Quickly he dropped behind a large rock and waited, peering out.

As the limousine bearing the stranger, on whom the fisherman had kept his eyes riveted, turned and drove away, the old salt rose from behind his rock, gazed after the car as if to fix every line of it in his memory, and then he, too, quickly disappeared up the road.

The stranger's car had scarcely disappeared when the fisherman turned from the shore road into a clump of stunted trees and made his way to a hut. Not far away stood a small, unpretentious closed car, also with a driver.

"I shall be ready in a minute," the fisherman nodded, almost running into the hut, as the driver moved his car up closer to the door.

The larger motor had disappeared far down the bend of the road when the fisherman reappeared. In an almost incredible time he had changed his oilskins and muffler for a dark coat and silk hat. He was no longer a fisherman, but a rather fussy looking old gentleman, bewhiskered still, with eyes looking out keenly from a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"Follow that car at any cost," he ordered simply as he let himself into the little motor, and the driver shot ahead down a bit of side road and out into the main shore road again, urging the car forward to overtake the one ahead.

Such was the entrance of the stranger—Marcius Del Mar—into America.

How I managed to pass the time during the first few days after the strange disappearance of Kennedy I don't know. It was all like a dream—the apartment empty, the laboratory empty, my own work on the Star uninteresting, Elaine brokenhearted, life itself a burden.

Hoping against hope, the next day I decided to drop around at the Dodge house. As I entered the library unannounced I saw that Elaine, with a faith for which I envied her, was sitting at a table, her back toward the door. She was gazing sadly at a photograph. Though I could not see it, I needed not to be told whose it was.

She did not hear me come in, so engrossed was she in her thoughts. Nor did she notice me at first as I stood just behind her. Finally I put my hand on her shoulder as if I had been an elder brother.

She looked up into my face. "Have you heard from him yet?" she asked anxiously.

I could only shake my head sadly. She sighed. Involuntarily she rose and together we moved toward the garden, the last place we had seen him about the house.

We had been pacing up and down the garden, talking earnestly, only a short time when a man made his way in from the Fifth avenue gate.

"Is this Miss Dodge?" he asked.

Neither Elaine nor I knew him at the time, though I think she thought he might be the bearer of some message from Craig. As a matter of fact, he was the emissary to whom the stenographer had thrown the torpedo model from the Navy building in Washington.

His visit was only a part of a deep-laid scheme. Only a few minutes before three crooks—among them our visitor—had stopped just below the house on a side street. To him the others had given final instructions and a note, and he had gone on, leaving the two standing there.

"I have a note for you," he said, bowing and handing an envelope to Elaine, which she tore open and read.

Washington, D. C.

Miss Elaine Dodge,
Fifth avenue, New York.

My Dear Miss Dodge:—The bearer, Mr. Bailey of the Secret Service, would like to question you regarding the disappearance of Mr. Kennedy and the model of his torpedo.

Morgan Bertrand,
United States Secret Service.

Even as we were talking, the other two crooks had already moved up and had made their way around back of the stone wall that cut off the Dodge garden back of the house. There they stood, whispering eagerly and gazing furtively over the wall as their man talked to Elaine.

After a moment I stepped aside, while Elaine read the note, and as he asked her a few questions I could not help feeling that the affair had a very suspicious look. The more I thought of it, the less I liked it. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"I beg your pardon," I excused myself to the alleged Mr. Bailey, "but may I speak to Miss Dodge alone just a minute?"

He bowed, rather ungracefully I thought, and Elaine followed me aside while I told her my fears.

"I don't like the looks of it myself," she agreed. "Yes, I'll be very careful what I say."

While we were talking I could see out of the corner of my eye that the fellow was looking at us askance and frowning. But if I had had an X-ray eye I might have seen his two companions on the other side of the wall, peering over as they had done before and showing every evidence of annoyance at my interference.

The man resumed his questioning of Elaine regarding the torpedo, and she replied guardedly, as, in fact, she could not do otherwise.

Suddenly we heard shouts on the other side of the wall, as though someone were attacking someone else.

There seemed to be several of them, for a man quickly flung himself over the wall and ran to us.

"They're after us," he shouted to Bailey.

Instantly our visitor drew a gun and followed the newcomer as he ran to get out of the garden in the opposite direction.

Just then a tall, well-dressed, striking man came over the wall, accompanied by another dressed as a policeman, and rushed toward us.

* * * * * *

The car bearing the mysterious stranger, Del Mar, kept on until it reached New York, then made its way through the city until it came to the Hotel La Coste.

Del Mar jumped out of the car, his wet clothes covered completely by the long coat. He registered and rode up the elevator to rooms which had already been engaged for him. In his suite a valet was already unpacking some trunks and laying out clothes when Del Mar and his assistant entered.

With an exclamation of satisfaction at his unostentatious entry into the city, Del Mar threw off his heavy coat. The valet hastened to assist him in removing the clothes, still wet and wrinkled from his plunge into the sea.

Scarcely had Del Mar changed his clothes than he received two visitors. Strangely enough, they were dressed in the uniform of policemen.

"First of all we must convince them of our honesty," he said, looking fixedly at the two men. "Orders have been given to the men employed by Wu Fang to be about in half an hour. We must pretend to arrest them on sight. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," she nodded.

"Very well, come on," Del Mar ordered, taking up his hat and preceding them from the room.

Outside the La Coste, Del Mar and his two policemen entered the car which had driven Del Mar from the seacoast and were quickly whisked away, uptown, until they came near the Dodge house.

Del Mar leaped from the car, followed by his two policemen. "There they are, already," he whispered, pointing up the avenue.

All three hastened up the avenue now, where, beside a wall, they could see two men looking through intently as though very angry at something going on inside.

"Arrest them!" shouted Del Mar, as his own men ran forward.

The fight was short and sharp, with every evidence of being genuine. One of the men managed to break away and jump the garden wall, with Del Mar and one of the policemen after him, while the other only reached the wall to be dragged down by the other policeman.

Elaine and I had been, as I have said, talking with the man named Bailey, who posed as a secret service man, when the rumpus began. As the man came over the fence, warning Bailey, it was evident that neither of them had time to escape. With his club the policeman struck the newcomer of the two flat, while the tall, athletic gentleman leaped upon Bailey, and before we knew it had him disarmed. In a most clean-cut and professional way he snapped the bracelets on the man.

Elaine was astonished at the kaleidoscopic turn of affairs, too astonished even to make an outcry. As for me, it was all so sudden that I had no chance to take part in it. Besides, I should not have known quite on which side to fight. So I did nothing.

As it was over so quickly, I took a step forward to our latest arrival.

"Beg pardon, old man," I began, "but don't you think this is just a little raw? What's it all about?"

The newest comer eyed me for a moment, then with quiet dignity drew from his pocket and handed me his card, which read simply:

M. DEL MAR, Private Investigator.

As I looked up, I saw Del Mar's other policeman bringing in another manacled man.

"These are crooks—foreign agents," replied Del Mar pointing to the prisoners. "The government has employed me to run them down."

"What of this?" asked Elaine, holding up the note from Bertrand.

"A fake, a forgery," reiterated Del Mar, looking at it a moment critically. Then to the men uniformed as police he ordered: "You can take them to jail. They're the fellows, all right."

As the prisoners were led off, Del Mar turned to Elaine. "Would you mind answering a few questions about these men?"

"Why—no," she hesitated. "But I think we'd better go into the house, after such a thing as this. It makes me feel nervous."

With Del Mar I followed Elaine in through the conservatory.

* * * * * * * *

Del Mar had scarcely registered at the La Coste when the smaller car which had been waiting at the fishermen's hut drew up before the hotel entrance. From it alighted the fussy old gentleman who bore such a remarkable resemblance to the fisherman, hastily paid his driver and entered the hotel.

He went directly to the desk and with well-manicured finger, scarcely reminiscent of a fisherman, began tracing the names down the list until he stopped before one which read:

"Marcus Del Mar and valet, Washington, D. C., Room 520."

With a quick glance about, he made a note of it and turned away, leaving the La Coste to take up quarters of his own in the Prince Henry down the street.

Not until Del Mar had left with his two policemen did the fussy old gentleman reappear in the La Coste. Then he rode up to Del Mar's room and rapped at the door.

"Is Mr. Del Mar in?" he inquired of the valet.

"No, sir," replied that functionary.

The little old man appearing to consider, standing a moment dandling his silk hat. Absent-mindedly he dropped it. As the valet stooped to pick it up the old gentleman exhibited an agility and strength scarcely to be expected of his years. He seized the valet, while with one foot he kicked the door shut.

Before the surprised servant knew what was going on his assailant had whipped from his pocket a handkerchief in which was concealed a thin tube of anesthetic. Then leaving the valet prone in a corner with the handkerchief over his face, he proceeded to make a systematic search of the rooms, opening all drawers, trunks and bags.

He turned pretty nearly everything upside down, then started on the desk. Suddenly he paused. There was a paper. He read it, then with an air of extreme elation shoved in into his pocket.

As he was going out he stopped beside the valet, removed the handkerchief from his face and bound him with a cord from the portieres. Then, still immaculate in spite of his encounter, he descended in the elevator, re-entered a waiting car and drove off.

Quite evidently, however, he wanted to cover his tracks, for he had not gone half a dozen blocks before he stopped, paid and tipped the driver generously, and disappeared into the theater crowd.

Back again in the Prince Henry, whither the fussy little old man made his way as quickly as he could through a side street, he went quietly up to his room.

His door was now locked. He did not have to deny himself to visitors, for he had none. Still his room was cluttered by a vast amount of paraphernalia and he was seated before a table deep in work.

First of all he tied a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. Then he took up a cartridge from the table and carefully extracted the bullet. Into the space occupied by the bullet he poured a white powder and added a wad of paper, like a blank cartridge, placing the cartridge in the chamber of a revolver and repeating the operation until he had it fully loaded. It was his own invention of an asphyxiating bullet.

Del Mar and the Old Man Drew Guns Together.

Perhaps half an hour later the old gentleman, his room cleaned up and his immaculate appearance restored, sauntered forth from the hotel down the street like a veritable Turveydrop, to show himself.

Elaine seemed quite impressed with her new friend, Del Mar, as we made our way to the library, though I am sure that it was a pose on her part. At any rate he seemed quite eager to help us.

"What do you suppose has become of Mr. Kennedy?" asked Elaine.

Del Mar looked at her earnestly. "I should be glad to search for him," he returned quickly. "He was the greatest man in our profession. But first I must execute the commission of the secret service. We must find his torpedo model before it falls into foreign hands."

We talked for a few moments, then Del Mar, with a glance at his watch, excused himself. We accompanied him to the door, for he was indeed a charming man. I felt that if in fact he were assigned to the case I ought to know him better.

"If you're going downtown," I ventured, "I might accompany you part of the way."

"Delighted," agreed Del Mar.

As Del Mar and I walked down the avenue, he kept up a running fire of conversation until at last we came near the La Coste.

"Charmed to have met you, Mr. Jameson," he said, pausing. "We shall see a great deal of each other I hope."

I had not yet had time to say good-by myself when a slight exclamation at my side startled me. Turning suddenly, I saw a very brisk, fussy old gentleman who had evidently been hurrying through the crowd. He had slipped on something on the sidewalk and lost his balance, falling near us.

We bent over and assisted him to his feet. As I took hold of his hand, I felt a peculiar pressure from him. He had placed something in my hand. My mind worked quickly. I checked my first impulse to speak, and, more from curiosity than anything else, kept the thing he had passed to me surreptitiously.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he puffed, straightening himself out. "One of the infirmities of age. Thank you, thank you."

In a moment he had bustled off quite comically.

Again Del Mar said good-by, and I did not urge him to stay. He had scarcely gone when I looked at the thing the old man had placed in my hand. It was a little folded piece of paper. I opened it slowly. Inside was printed in pencil, disguised:

Be Careful. Watch Him.

I read it in amazement. What did it mean?

At the La Coste, Del Mar was met by two of his men in the lobby and they rode up to his room.

Imagine their surprise when they opened the door and found the valet lying bound on the floor.

"Who the deuce did this?" demanded Del Mar as they loosened him.

The valet rose weakly to his feet. "A little old man with gray whiskers," he managed to gasp.

Del Mar looked at him in surprise. Instantly his active mind recalled the little old man who had fallen before us on the street.

"Who—what was he?"

"Come," he said quickly, beckoning his two companions, who had come in with him.

Some time later, Del Mar's car stopped just below the Dodge house.

"You men go around back of the house and watch," ordered Del Mar.

As they disappeared he turned and went up the Dodge steps.

* * * * * * *

I walked back after my strange experience with the fussy little old gentleman, feeling more than ever, now that Craig was gone, that both Elaine and Aunt Josephine needed me.

As we sat talking in the library, Rusty, released from the chain on which Jennings kept him, bounded with a rush into the library.

"Good old fellow," encouraged Elaine, patting him.

Just then Jennings entered, and a moment later was followed by Del Mar, who bowed as we welcomed him.

"Do you know," he began, "I believe that the lost torpedo model is somewhere in this house, and I have reason to anticipate another attempt of foreign agents to find it. If you'll pardon me, I've taken the liberty of surrounding the place with some men we can trust."

While Del Mar was speaking Elaine picked up a ribbon from the table and started to tie it about Rusty's neck. As Del Mar proceeded she paused, still holding the ribbon, Rusty, who hated ribbons, saw his chance and quietly sidled out, seeking refuge in the conservatory.

Alone in the conservatory, Rusty quickly forgot about the ribbon and began nosing about the palms. At last he came to the pot in which the torpedo model had been buried in the soft earth by the thief the night it had been stolen from the fountain.

Quickly Elaine recalled herself, and, seeing the ribbon in her hand and Rusty gone, called him. There was no answer, and she excused herself, for it was against the rules for Rusty to wander about.

In his haste the thief had left just a corner of the handkerchief sticking out of the dirt. What none of us had noticed, Rusty's keen eyes and nose discovered, and his instinct told him to dig for it. In a moment he uncovered the torpedo and handkerchief and sniffed.

Just then he heard his mistress calling him. Rusty had been whipped for digging in the conservatory, and now, with his tail between his legs, he seized the torpedo in his mouth and bolted for the door of the drawing room, for he had heard voices in the library. As he did so he dropped the handkerchief and the little propeller, loosened by his teeth, fell off.

Elaine entered the conservatory, still calling. Rusty was not there. He had reached the stairs, scurrying up to the attic, still holding the torpedo model in his mouth. He pushed open the attic door and ran in. Rusty's last refuge in time of trouble was back of a number of trunks, among which were two of almost the same size and appearance. Behind one of them he had hidden a miscellaneous collection of bones, pieces of biscuit and things dear to his heart. He dropped the torpedo among these treasures.

Del Mar, meanwhile, had followed Elaine through the hall and into the conservatory. As he entered he could see her stooping down to look through the palms for Rusty. She straightened up and went on out.

Del Mar followed. Beside the palm pot where Rusty had found the torpedo he happened to see the old handkerchief soiled with dirt. Nearby lay the little propeller. He picked them up.

"She has found it!" he exclaimed in wonder, following Elaine.

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Outside, on the lawn, Del Mar's men had been looking about, but had discovered nothing. They paused a moment to speak.

"Look out!" whispered one of them. "There's someone coming."

They dropped down in the shadow. There in the light of the street lamps was the fussy old gentleman coming across the lawn. He stole up to the door of the conservatory and looked through. De Mar's men crawled a few feet closer. The little old man entered the conservatory and looked about again stealthily. The two men followed him in noiselessly and watched as he bent over the palm pot from which the dog had dug up the torpedo. He looked at the hole curiously. Just then he heard sounds behind him and sprang to his feet.

"Hands up," ordered one of the men, covering him with a gun.

The little old man threw up his hands, raising his cane still in his right hand. The man with the gun took a step closer. As he did so the little old man brought down his cane with a quick blow and knocked the gun out of his hand. The second man seized the cane. The old man jerked the cane back and was standing there with a thin, tough steel rapier. It was a sword cane. Del Mar's man held the sheath.

As the man attacked with the sheath the little old man parried, sent it flying from his grasp and wounded him. The wounded man sank down, while the little old man ran on through the palms, followed by the other of Del Mar's men.

Around the hall he ran and back into the conservatory, where he picked up a heavy chair and threw it through the glass, dropping himself behind a convenient hiding place near by. Del Mar's man, close after him, mistaking the crash of glass for the escape of the man he was pursuing, went on through the broken exit. Then the little old man doubled on his tracks and made for the front of the house.

* * * * * * *

With Aunt Josephine I had remained in the library.

"What's that?" I exclaimed at the first sounds. "A fight?"

Together we rushed for the conservatory.

The fight, followed so quickly by the crash of glass, also alarmed Elaine and Del Mar in the hallway and they hurried toward the library, which we had just left, by another door.

As they entered they saw a little old gentleman rushing in from the conservatory and locking the door behind him. He whirled about, and he and Del Mar recognized each other at once. They drew guns together, but the little old man fired first.

His bullet struck the wall back of Del Mar and a cloud of vapor was instantly formed, enveloping Del Mar and even Elaine. Del Mar fell, overcome, while Elaine sank more slowly. The little old man ran forward.

In the conservatory Aunt Josephine and I heard the shooting, just as one of Del Mar's men ran in again. With him we ran back toward the library.

By this time the whole house was aroused. Jennings and Marie were hurrying downstairs, crying for help and making their way to the library also.

In the library the little old man bent over Del Mar and Elaine. But it was only a moment later that he heard the whole house aroused. Quickly he shut and locked the folding doors to the drawing room as, with Del Mar's man, I was beating at the rear library door.

"I'll go around," I suggested, hurrying off, while Del Mar's man tried to beat in the door.

Inside the little old man, who had been listening, saw that there was no means of escape. He pulled off his coat and vest and turned them inside out. On the inside he had prepared an exact copy of Jenning's livery.

It was only a matter of seconds before he had completed his change. For a moment he paused and looked at the two prostrate figures before him. Then he took a rose from a vase on the table and placed it in Elaine's hand.

Finally, with his whiskers and wig off, he moved to the rear door where Del Mar's man was beating and opened it.

"Look," he cried, pointing in an agitated way at Del Mar and Elaine. "What shall we do?"

Del Mar's man, who had never seen Jennings, ran to his master, and the little old man, in his new disguise, slipped quietly into the hall and out the front door, where he had a taxicab waiting for him down the street.

A moment later I burst open the other library door and Aunt Josephine followed me in, just as Jennings himself and Marie entered from the drawing room.

It was only a moment before we had Del Mar, who was most in need of care, on the sofa, and Elaine, already regaining consciousness, lay back in a deep easy chair.

As Del Mar moved I turned again to Elaine, who was now nearly recovered.

"How do you feel?" I asked, anxiously.

Her throat was parched by the asphyxiating fumes, but she smiled brightly, though weakly.

"Wh-where did I get that?" she managed to gasp finally, catching sight of the rose in her hand. "Did you put it there?"

I shook my head and she gazed at the rose, wondering.

Whoever the little man was, he was gone.

I longed for Craig.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Italian Girl's Vengeance

A Story of Sorrento

By F. A. MITCHEL

Sorrento, the famous Italian seaside resort, is built on a cliff several hundred feet high. The cliff is carved, the northern end flanked by Mount Vesuvius, the southern end pointing to the Mediterranean sea. The town is composed chiefly of hotels and villas, some of them set in the center of orange groves. At the base of the cliff are the homes of fisher folk, their boats moored on a narrow beach. There is no sea view in the world more beautiful than that from Sorrento. One may gaze upon the ever changing hue of the waters beneath, the islands of Ischia and Capri, here and there a ship or the little white steamer that carries passengers between Naples and the islands, while shoreward to the right is the cone Vesuvius with its mist of smoke about its summit.

Julian Hemstreet, a young American of fortune who was traveling abroad previous to settling down to the management of his estate, went to Sorrento and was so charmed with it that he was in no hurry to move on. Having sailor instincts he was drawn toward the shore directly beneath where the fleet of fishing craft was either hauled up on the beach or nodding at anchor.

Entering a wine shop, he asked a girl he found there how he should proceed to hire a boat. He knew enough of the Italian language to converse fairly well, and she gave him the necessary information. While she was doing so Julian ordered a liter of wine, which she brought and set on a table before him. There was nothing in the shop to look at except the girl, so Julian fixed his eyes upon her, and the longer he looked the more he found food for admiration.

Lita—that was her name—was dressed in the costume of Italy, which has in it a good deal of color. Like all, or nearly all, Italians, she was brunette, with a wealth of black hair and eyes of a dark brown. She was comely in her way, but not beautiful; nevertheless there was a novelty for Julian in her makeup, especially her costume. It was not long before he was paying her compliments, which meant little to him, but meant much to the girl.

Julian, having learned where he could get a boat, went for a sail on the bay, for he was accustomed to handling such craft, and when he returned called at the shop for another liter of wine. He was a handsome fellow, entirely different from the men to whom the girl who served him had been accustomed. It is a question how far a man is responsible for a girl's falling in love with him. In this case Julian would not have prevented it even by refraining from the little compliments that he considered due any woman. She was confronted by that which dazzled her and was dazzled. Possibly if Julian had realized the damage being done he would have withdrawn, though later, when it became plain to him, he did no such thing. But then it would have been much more difficult to withdraw than at the beginning.

One morning Julian was in the orange grove that surrounded his hotel plucking the ripe fruit, when from another part of the grove came a ripple of feminine laughter, and a moment later a girl appeared from among the trees. On seeing a young man her features changed from mirth to seriousness and she passed on into the hotel.

There could be no greater difference between two women than between this girl and the Italian at the foot of the cliff. The former was a blond whose complexion was still soft as that of a child, a rose tint mingled with its whiteness. The eyes were blue, the hair what is commonly called golden. She was Mildred Twining, a member of an American family who were touring in Europe. Julian, who was of an age to be easily impressed with feminine beauty, was much pleased at the sudden change on the face of the girl, on coming upon him so suddenly. Several other persons with whom she had been in the grove, including a child, followed her into the house, passing him closely, but so charmed was he with the girl that he took no note of the others.

Americans abroad are as prone to make friends with one another as they are to stand apart at home, and it was not long before Julian formed the acquaintance of the party of which Miss Twining was a member. The ease with which tourists become friends is extended to the sexes, and there is no more prolific source of uniting hearts than sightseeing in foreign lands. Julian Hemstreet attached himself to the Twining party, or, rather, to Mildred Twining, and everywhere they went he went.

One day Julian proposed to his new found friends to take them to sail on the bay. They accepted his invitation and, having descended to the beach, stood waiting while Julian was making preparation for the debarkation. Lita, the wine shop girl, saw the party and went out to watch them. When Julian handed Mildred on to the boat Lita was watching him and saw an expression on his face as he looked down into the blue eyes that caused within the Italian's bosom a commotion of jealousy, hate, revenge. But no one knew of it except herself. Julian was so wrapped in the girl he was handing into the boat that he did not even see the other. When the party returned from the sail Lita was screened from them by a window, through which she looked at Miss Twining with the eyes of a tigress.

Julian after his meeting with Miss Twining made no more visits to the wine shop. He did not realize the hold his personality had taken upon Lita, but was aware that he should have withdrawn from the latter's company sooner. Nevertheless he did not look upon the sudden flame he had inspired in her as of much importance. The fierceness of southern women in such matters did not occur to him. When he looked on Vesuvius, with its crest of smoke hanging lazily on its summit, he did not realize that down in the breast of the Italian girl there lurked a fire equal in intensity if not in force to that in the mountain.

One day when Julian and Mildred were rambling about the grounds of the hotel where they stopped they came upon a passage way leading down to the water. They concluded to go through it. On reaching the lower end they came upon a dock. There they sat looking out on the water. They were some distance from the wine shop, but Lita saw a couple on the dock and with the keen scent of love surmised that they were Julian and the girl who had stepped in between her and him.

Catching up a dirk knife and thrusting it into her bosom, she ran along the shore, now clambering between the water and the cliff, now stooping beneath some object to conceal her approach till she came near the dock on which the couple were standing unconscious of her approach; then, ducking under the side of the dock, she ran along it till she reached the margin of the water. There she stood listening to the pair on the dock, who were above her and a little farther out from the shore.

Hemstreet was talking to his companion in English, a language the Italian girl did not understand. He was well educated, and the ancient Romans had always interested him. He was pointing out different objects of interest within view—the island Capri near by, Ischia in the distance to the north, and opposite what in old Roman times was a city of summer residences called Baiae, owned and occupied by wealthy Romans. He described the scene on that night nearly twenty centuries before when the bay spreading before them was dotted with galleys shooting here and there in the lurid light of the fires emitted by Vesuvius, those upon them engaged in trying the dangerous work of saving the fleeing Pompeiians, who were struggling in darkness under the cloud of ashes raining upon their devoted heads and burying their city, which now, after having been buried for twenty centuries, is being uncovered, to be visited every year by thousands of a civilization far different from that which passed slowly out of existence from the Italian peninsula.

Then Hemstreet spoke of the partings that took place on that eventful night, when parents, children, lovers lost one another in the darkness.

The only English word Lita knew was "love," and this she heard spoken by the man with whom she had become infatuated to her rival. Finally she drew out from under the dock where she could see them and, drawing the dirk from her bosom, aimed it at Mildred. Whether a slight sound she made was heard by Julian or whether there arose within him a premonition of danger he turned just as Lita started to threw the knife and barely in time to place himself between it and the intended victim. The knife entered his side, from which the blood gushed over the white summer suit he wore.

Lita stood aghast at what she had done, then with a cry sprang up the side of the dock just as Julian, sinking, was caught in Mildred's arms. Mildred, who had not seen the knife thrown, only knew that it was in her companion's side, but before she could act Lita pulled it out and threw it into the water, then with a kerchief she wore about her shoulders began to stanch the blood.

"Who did it?" cried Mildred.

"It was an accident," said Julian faintly.

Some men were working on a boat not far distant and Lita beckoned them to come. When they reached the dock Julian had fainted, but he soon revived and was carried to one of the houses on the beach. There he remained for a time, the surgeons undecided whether or not he would recover. No persuasion could induce him to declare how he had come by the wound, and Mildred Twining had not seen the knife thrown. Julian gave out a theory that some one concealed near him had thrown the knife at him for the purpose of rendering him a prey for robbery. But although there are many criminals in Italy the theory was not believed, for it would not be easy for any one to have lurked near him and get away after stabbing him without being seen.

Julian as soon as he was able to be moved was carried to the top of the cliff and lay at his hotel till he recovered. Miss Twining left with her party soon after he was out of danger, being the only one who did not suspect that the girl who had been near her and Julian at the time he was wounded had been his assailant. Julian joined Miss Twining later in Switzerland, and there resulted an engagement between them. But he kept his secret from her. Whether he ever saw Lita after the attempt on her rival's life is not known; probably not, since her people, knowing that she had committed a crime, sent her up into the mountains where she would not be attainable if called to an account.

Wisdom And Foolishness.

In every age, in every Nation there has been a class of individuals who objected to all innovations solely on the ground that they were new. Everybody numbers one or more of these objectors among his acquaintances.

Preventive medicine is referred to these days as a new science and so it is but many of the measures used today are hoary with age and have been sanctioned by sanitarians of the dim centuries. The Scriptures hold evidence of this and now and again the historian may mark a passage which adds confirmation, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

The care of water supplies is one of the things which the opponents of modern sanitation most frequently belittle and which the public health officials continually recommend. To those bold objectors who blatantly proclaim their superiority to precautionary measures it is interesting to quote from Herodotus "the Father of history", who wrote some twenty-three odd centuries ago of Cyrus the Persian king.

"Cyrus made war against the son of this queen, who bore the name of his father, Labynetus, and had the Empire of Assyria. Now when the great King leads his army in person, he carries with him from home provisions well prepared and cattle; and he takes with him water from the River Choaspes, which flows past Susa, of which alone, and no other, the King drinks. A great number of four wheel carriages, drawn by mules, carry the water of this River, after it has been boiled in silver vessels, and follow him from place to place whereever he marches."

Fortunately the majority of people heed the warnings given when it becomes necessary to boil water from private or public supplies or take other steps to insure its safety. So long however as the dissenters continue their senseless opposition we shall continue to have an unnecessary amount of typhoid. Not alone among the individuals who set themselves above the acquired knowledge of scientific investigators but also among the unfortunate people who permit their better judgment to be swayed by the positive assertions of the ignorant.

STOPPED THE JUMP.

The Royal Adviser May Have Saved His Young King's Life.

King Charles XII. of Sweden, who came to the throne at the early age of fifteen, went out riding one time in company with his cousin, the Duke of Holstein, and a few other gentlemen of the court. On the way they came upon a pile of timber standing by the roadside. The Duke of Holstein suggested to the king that the company try their skill by riding over the pile on their horses. Charles assented and insisted upon being the first to go over. But just as he was about to dig his spurs into his horse, tells Das Buch fur Alle, Count Wachtmeister seized the bridle and said to the king, "Don't you try to ride over that."

The Duke of Holstein became angry. "How dare you cross the wish of the king!" he exclaimed.

Calmly Wachtmeister answered, "Say what you will, my king shall not do it."

Holstein then reined up to him and replied wrathfully, "You do not seem to know with whom you are speaking."

"Oh, yes," said the other, laughing scornfully; "I am speaking with the Duke of Holstein. But will you kindly recall that you are addressing Count Wachtmeister, the royal adviser. And, as I said before, my king shall not break his neck by such a wild and dangerous jump. Perhaps you were thinking of becoming the king of Sweden in that event. But you won't so long as Hans Wachtmeister lives."

Just then the young king, who was standing by listening to the discussion, rode up to his adviser and, tapping him on the shoulder approvingly, said to the company: "No, gentlemen; I guess we won't jump that pile. It is a bit dangerous." And with that they continued on their way in silence.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price $1.00.

$2.50
Rail & Boat Excursion
Tolchester Beach
SIXTY MILE STEAMER RIDE
ON
Beautiful Chesapeake Bay
Maryland's Famous
Pleasure Resort
Sunday, Aug. 29
Bathing, Boating
Fishing, Crabbing
SPECIAL TRAIN
Leaves Bellefonte 2.15 A. M.
Returning, steamer leaves Tolchester Beach 4.00 P. M.
$2.50 ROUND TRIP $2.50
Pennsylvania R. R.

A MUSICIAN'S MEAL.

One Time When Meilhac Paid For His Absentmindedness.

The celebrated French composer Meilhac was one of the absentminded geniuses. He was also a man of simple tastes in the matter of food. It is related of him that on an occasion when one of his operas was being presented he entered in evening dress a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the musical event of the evening and about nothing else.

A waiter brought him a bill of fare, and M. Meilhac quite abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. It happened to be the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was commotion.

The proprietor himself arrived, and he and the chief cook devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient and another for another. Meantime M. Meilhac waited, absorbed.

At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited on the table Meilhac looked at it with an expression of melancholy interest.

"Did I order that?" he asked.

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Do you like it?"

"But—but yes, monsieur."

"Then please take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried eggs."

The order was carried out, and the proprietor wondered if he had a madman to deal with.

Mock Marriages In India.

A third marriage is considered unlucky in certain parts of India. A fourth marriage is not. So when a man wishes to become a benedict after two previous trials and still evade superstition, he evolves a very clever scheme. Mr. Man [illegible] through a ceremony with a lemon or animal or flower as the bride in order that his next wife will be the fourth and not the third venture.

FIRST SILVER WEDDING.

It Was Arranged by Hugues Capet, King of France, In 987.

The fashion of silver weddings dates back to the reign of Hugues Capet, king of France, in 987. Once as Hugues was arranging his uncle's affairs he found on one of the estates a servant who had grown gray in the service of his relative. On the farm with this old man was also a serving woman, who was as old as he and also unmarried, who had been the most devoted and hardworking of the women servants of the king's uncle. When the king heard these praises of the two he ordered them to be brought before him and said to the woman:

"Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose services were great enough, for the woman always finds work and obedience harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man who has worked with you five and twenty years is willing to marry you then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," stuttered the old peasant confusedly, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," answered the king, "and here I give you a wedding ring," drawing a costly ring from his finger and placing the hands of the thankful old people together.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

Catty Comment.

"When I have anything to occupy my time, I hate to have a lot of foolish men hanging around me."

"You are never idle, are you, dear?"—Baltimore American.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 in advance.

Keep your money in bank, said one of our local papers last week. This is good sound advice. Let us care for yours.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

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THAT WE SELL

LUMBER

Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

— AND —

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv	Bellefonte	† 6.30	† 10.15	† 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.11
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.31
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. "f" stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	† 5.05
	Krumrine	† 8.07	.....	† 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	† 5.26
	Briarly	† 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	† 8.28	† 12.28	† 5.35
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	† 5.56
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	† 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.-Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c and $1.00 at Druggists.

Don't suffer longer with
RHEUMATISM
No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE
Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.
Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.
Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.
Harry E. Fenlon
Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa
Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Robbins circus will be in Bellefonte tomorrow.

William Woods and family on Wednesd ay removed to State College.

Mrs. Louisa Bush entertained Monday night with a dinner of eight covers.

Miss Mary M. Blanchard departed last Friday for a month's trip to eastern cities.

Miss Rachel Kinney, of Jersey Shore, is visiting here with her cousin, Mrs. Louisa Bush.

Mrs. William Crawford has been spending the week in Altoona, having gone there last Friday.

Miss Adeline Olewine will depart on Monday next for Pittsburgh to visit for a time with friends.

Mrs. Catherine King, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. William McGovern.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Hazel and Edward Garbrick was solemnized on Thursday of last week.

Professor C. L. Gramley, of Rebersburg, was a genial visitor in town between trains on Monday.

All the regular services will be resumed in the St. John's Reformed Church next, Sunday, August 29th.

Miss Sarah Hastings and Miss Elizabeth Morris are guests at a house party in Hollidaysburg, having gone there on Monday.

Major Frederick Dale came to Bellefonte on Tuesday for a stay of a week or ten days before returning to his fort in New York.

A marriage license was issued Wednesday of last week at Cumberland, Maryland, to Francis Musser and Miss Sarah Kellerman, both of Bellefonte.

Mrs. John N. Lane and son, Elliott were arrivals home last Saturday after a three weeks motor trip through western Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York.

Miss Grace VanDusen, of Williamsport and master Walker Harding, of Tarrytown, New York, visited here over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James C. Furst.

Mrs. Charles K. Rath and little daughter, Jane, returned on Sunday to their home in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Mr Rath came here on Friday and accompanied them home.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Lyon and a party from Pittsbrrgh are touring through this section and stopped over in Bellefonte for a few days this week to see relatives and friends.

Rev. Dr. Schmidt and family, together with John W. Harper, returned home last Friday evening, after making a delightful visit to Niagara, Toronto and the Thousand Islands.

Mrs. Mary M. Jacobs, who has been visiting for some time with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Crider, will depart tomorrow for Mifflin, from which place she will later go to Philadelphia.

Announcement was made this week that the Doll Bakery will be continued until Spring. Mr. Doll had contemplated closing out the store at once, but has concluded to continue it until the early part of next year.

Mrs. Harold Stevens and little daughter Betty, of Newark, N. J., are visiting with home friends in town. Before her marriage she was Miss Anna Sloey and was an expert operator on the "Centre Democrat" linotype.

An outing was enjoyed along Spring Creek Tuesday afternoon by a number of members of Bellefonte Lodge of Elks. The bungalow of Frank Kern and Jacob Barlett was made headquarters for the afternoon and evening. Trap shooting, quoit pitching, etc., were among the amusements of the day. A picnic lunch was served.

Gamill Rice, a driver for the A. G. Morris, Jr., coal yard, was taken suddenly ill while at work last Saturday morning. He had delivered a load of coal to a patron in Milesburg and was returning to town when he suffered a stroke of paralysis. He was removed to his home, where it was found that one side of his body was affected. His condition has not improved and the family are no little concerned.

The Harrisburg "Telegraph" on Monday published the following:—The Rev. George Edward Hawes, D. D., pastor-elect of the Market Square Presbyterian Church, expects to occupy the pulpit regularly beginning September 19, he and the family moving into the manse the week before. The Presbytery of Carlisle meets at Newville on September 28, when arrangements will doubtless be made made for Dr. Hawes' installation.

Last Saturday evening the Dr. Fry home at White Hall was the scene of a happy birthday anniversary supper, the tribute being to Mrs. Fry. A number of friends and neighbors gathered at the G. F. Miller home nearby and marched in a body to the Fry home. Mrs. Fry was taken completely by surprise. Her guests were fortified with lots of good things to eat and also had numerous gifts. The evening was spent with happy reminiscences and no end of wholesome fun. The Corl orchestra furnished the music which was greatly enjoyed by all present. The wee sma' hours were at hand when the guests departed for their respective homes, after wishing Mrs. Fry many happy returns of her natal day.

Albert Hoy motored here this week from Rhode Island.

Mrs. Rogers has as her house guest Miss Cannon, of Hazelton, and her aunt.

Mrs. Thomas Toner departed yesterday for Philipsburg to visit with friends.

J. Mac Curtin, of Pittsburgh, is visiting in town this week with Mrs. Curtin and the children.

Elliott Lane and Elliott Morris are in Altoona where they are taking part in a tennis tournament.

John Cueno, of Connellsville, visited several days last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louie Carpeneto.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hagg, of Bellefonte, are visiting in Tyrone with Mrs. Hagg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morrison.

Misses Mary Hill, Ann Confer, Sadie Caldwell and Mame Strunk will depart tomorrow for Asbury Park, N. J., planning to be away for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. W. W. Bicketts and two children Mary and Philip, returned home on Wednesday from an extended visit with friends and relatives in Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Myers and little daughter, of Julian, went to Philadelphia on Tuesday. While in that city they will have their daughter's eyes treated by a specialist.

William R. Larrimer is in Lock Haven this week serving as official starter at the races. "Bill" is a well known horseman and for years has been a familiar figure at the track during the county fair here.

George C. Cassidy, of Philadelphia, has been doing some interesting stunts with the ponderous road roller sent here by the Buffalo-Pitts Co. for a thirty days test. Mr. Cassidy has been driving the roller, frontward and backward, up and down some of the steepest hills in Bellefonte. Apparently no hill in the town is too steep for the machine.

Quite a number of persons from and nearby Bellefonte have been in Lock Haven this week for the Old Home Week celebration. They report the various attractions to be of a high standard and particularly pleasing. The horse racing has proved most popular. A double parachute drop from a gas ballon and fights by Richter, the aviator who was in Bellefonte during our Old Home Week celebration, have commanded favorable notice from the crowds that have visited Lock Haven daily.

Bellefonte friends of George Bolton Eldredge, of Cape May, N. J., will learn with sincere sorrow of his death from drowning at Cape May on Tuesday. Mr. Eldredge was seated on a platform while fishing. A board in the platform suddenly gave way and he fell, striking his head and tumbling into the deep water. His body was recovered a half hour later. The deceased was popular with Bellefonte friends during the time he was a student at the Bellefonte Academy. He later studied law and was a member of the Cape May bar. He was a brother of Samuel F. Eldredge, who also was a student at the Bellefonte Academy, now a prominent lawyer at Cape May, and who married Miss Jessie Laurie, of this place.

White Doe Seen.

A white doe, which for years has been seen every now and then in the section near Bloomingrove, has appeared again in a new role, says the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin. While near the Shaffer farm, along the Bloomingrove road, on Saturday, Mrs. Charles Fisher whose farm adjoins that of Mr. Shaffer, saw in her farm yard the pretty snow-white deer. The animal was as sleek as any Jersey cow and showed no fear.

But the unusual part of her visit was that Madame Doe was accompanied by two cute little fawns. Strange to say these were not white, but the regulation fawn color, brown, with white spots. They kept close to their mother, but seemed unafraid.

Last fall, John W. Ely saw the white doe on his farm. In the last few years three small buck, all white, have been killed in the Bloomingrove section, and the farmers firmly believe them to be descendants of the famous mother, who is large and of fine proportions.

Photographers of the city are planning to visit the section and try to get some views of the handsome doe and her offspring.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Ernest H. Schiele, Florence Bell,	Philipsburg
Ed Everett Garbrick, Miriam E. Hazel,	Bellefonte
Samuel Heverly, Dora Sellers.	Lock Haven

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Charles Lose, Principal

This school maintains an excellent course of lectures and music and dramactic recitals by outside talent. Musicals and expression recitals by students in these courses are frequent.

The various special courses are thus strongly supplemented and the student body is afforded rare instruction and entertainment. Student life loses monotony with these opportunities, especially when the daily work is conducted by a faculty of experts in their various way of instruction. Send for a catalogue.

Lock Haven, Pa.

Theodore B. Reader Dead.

Theodore B. Reader, a pioneer resident of Blair county, a Civil war veteran and a prominent farmer, died suddenly at his home near Tyrone Monday night, following a brief illness. Mr. Reader was born at Centre Furnace, Centre county, January 31, 1838, and spent his life chiefly farming in the southern end of Blair county. He had a remarkable Civil war record and served the Union with four brothers. In 1861, he enlisted at Huntingdon in Company C, Forty-ninth regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers and participated in many notable battles with the Army of the Potomac. He fought in engagements at Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the peninsular campaign and after his re-enlistment, in the Battle of the Wilderness. At Spottsylvania he was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville prison. After seven months he was exchanged and rejoined his regiment at Richmond prior to Lee's surrender.

Ancestors of the deceased veteran were also valiant defenders of their country. His grandfather, Amos Harper, was killed in the Battle of Lundy's Lane during the War of 1812, while a great-grandfather participated in the Revolutionary war.

One brother, Robert Reader, survives with these children: Mrs. George Gray, Philadelphia; Alvin L. Reader, Pittsburg; Mrs. H. B. Shaffer, Altoona; Mrs. John Miller, Tyrone; Mrs. Fred Miller, Williamsburg; and Mrs. R. E. Welsh, Altoona. Eight years ago his wife died.

John Mountz Dead.

John Mountz, a veteran of the Civil War, passed away at his home at Van Scoyoc station on Tuesday night of last week, death being due to diseases incident to old age. The deceased was born at Curtin on September 13, 1831, and he therefore lacked less than one month of being 84 years of age. In early life Mr. Mountz was a forgeman and he followed his occupation in Centre and surrounding counties.

When the civil war began Mr. Mountz enlisted as a private in Company E, 148th regiment, Pennsylvania volunteer infantry, where he rendered faithful and efficient service in the preservation of the union. He was for fifty years a consistent member of the United Brethren church.

Besides his wife, who was Miss Isabelle Emigh, of Bald Eagle, he is survived by the following sons and daughters, viz: J. S. Mountz, Janesville; Mrs. H. L. Shellenberger, and Mrs. John Cowen, Tyrone; Mrs. S. H. Kennedy, Bald Eagle, and John Mountz, Jr., Van Scoyoc. Surviving also are one brother, W. S. Mountz, Kansas City, Mo., and two sisters, Mrs. Christina Fort, of Los Angeles, Cal., and N. J. Jolley Fanning Mo.

Mrs. Lena Stitzer Dead.

Mrs. Lena Stitzer died at noon last Thursday at her late home in Howard, aged a little more than 81 years. Deceased was the widow of the late William Stitzer and was highly esteemed in her home community. Her death was due to blood poisoning which had its inception from the scratching of a rusty nail against her arm. She was for many years an active, earnest member of the Reformed church. Surviving to mourn her passing away are these children: Mrs. Annie Wolf, of Wilkinsburg; Mrs. Jennie Mason, Mrs. Chester Berry, of Lock Haven; Mrs. William Berry, of Jersey Shore, and Mrs. Claude R. Moore, of Howard. Funeral services were held from the late home on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Interment was made at Flemington.

Daniel B. Weaver Dead.

Daniel B. Weaver, one of the oldest residents of Brush valley, near Spring Mills, was found dead in bed Monday morning of last week, death being due to apoplexy. He was born in Haines township, September 10, 1839, making him at the time of his death 74 years, 11 months and 6 days old. He was a carpenter by trade, but in later life followed the farming industry. In 1864 he was married to Miss Lydia Straub, of Bellefonte, who preceded him to the grave three years ago. To this union seven children were born, all of whom are living, as follows: Newton E Weaver, of Altoona; Mrs. Emma Hall, of Sandiago, Cal.; Mrs. B. B. Miller and Mrs. C. H. Miller, of Jersey Shore; George F., William H. and Miss Cora B. Weaver, at home. Funeral services were held in the Lutheran church and interment was made in the Union cemetery at Farmer's Mills.

Ferguson G. Parker Dead.

Word was received in Bellefonte last Thursday of the death that day of Ferguson Graham Parker at his late home in Johnstown. Deceased was a brother of G. Ross Parker, of this place, passenger conductor on the Bellefonte Central Railroad. He had not been in good health for some time and only recently visited the seashore. His death was due to heart failure. He was born in Somerset but spent the greater part of his life in Johnstown where for many years he was general superintendent for the Cambria Iron Co. Surviving are his mother, Mrs. Ellen Parker, of Somerset, and these brothers and sisters: G. Ross Parker, of Bellefonte; Neff Parker, of DesMoines, Iowa; Misses Annie, Emily and Elizabeth Parker, all of Somerset.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Charles Lose, Principal

Lock Haven, the seat of the school, is easy of access. The word "central" in the title has a real significance. Four railroads pass this point, and numerous trains enter and leave the city daily. The city has many well stocked stores; these are of value to the students in an economic way.

Besides the regular academic work of the school, the requirements in the course on pedagogy are supplemented by much practical work on school management, organization, etc. Send for a catalogue.

Lock Haven, Pa.

Mrs. Jane S. Robertson Dead.

Mrs. Jane Sommerville Robertson, aged 20, died on Sunday last at her home 61 East Steuben street, Crafton. She was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Crafton. Her husband, Donald E. Robertson; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Sommerville; three sisters, Mrs. Davis of Carnegie and Misses Eliza and Betty Sommerville, and one brother, Donald Sommerville, survive.

Boy Sticks in Freezer.

While playing hide and seek with his companions, Rocco Masta, aged seven, crawled into a big ice cream freezer standing in front of a fruit store at Altoona, Pa. He became wedged in the can in such a way that he could not extricate himself, and his parents were notified of his plight.

The mother fainted. The father hastened to the store, and by the time Rocco was rescued he was almost frozen, for there were ice and brine in the tub. He will recover.

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley

(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College, Tues. Thurs. & Sat.

CHINESE SACRED HORN NUT

This Chinese Nut "Linco" grows on a bush under water, and ripens about the time of the feast of the moon. It is said to be sacred, to bring peace and good fortune to all who own them and is the Chinese emblem of good luck. This wonderful nut looks just like the horns of a steer's head, is about 2½ inches wide, black, gold tipped and fitted with ring for charm. Worn by ladies and gentlemen. Send a dollar bill for one today, as our supply is limited.

NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.
210-211-212 HOLLIDAY BLDG.
Dept. 205 Indianapolis, Ind.

FOR SALE

Sealed proposals will be received by the Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings, Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Penn'a., for the sale of three (3), Model 1912, Cadillac automobiles, one each stored at the Pittsburgh Motor Service Corporation, First Ave., and West Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., Washington Automobile Company, Washington, Pa., and Sebrings Garage, Bellefonte, Pa., until twelve (12) o'clock noon, Tuesday, September 14, 1915. Inspection can be made at the above specified places.

The right is reserved to accept or reject any or all bids.

SAMUEL B. RAMBO,
Supt. Public Grounds & Bldgs.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to The Public Service Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania for a certificate of public convenience, evidencing the Commission's approval of an agreement with the Miles Township Service Line Subscribers, dated July 1st, 1915, for the lease of plant located in Miles and Penn Townships, Centre County, Pa., the public hearing on which will be held in the rooms of the Commission at Harrisburg on September 8th, 1915, at 10:00 A. M., when and where all persons in interest may appear and be heard if they so desire.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine use Doan's Regulets. 25c a box at all stores.

He'll Be Here Quite A While

—but you need not worry, Mrs. Morehouse. He's a wise man and had the forethought to take out an ÆTNA ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICY.

That means my operating fee will be paid and $50 a week—payable monthly—will be yours as long as he's here. After that, $25 a week until he's well and strong again. That ought to lighten the load.

We've had some pretty pitiful cases in this hospital—men brought here for weeks at a time without income of any sort. Their wives have had to work, their children have been kept from school in order that they might earn a few extra pennies to keep body and soul together.

And all this hardship could have been avoided, for it costs very little to

ÆTNA-IZE

Over $13,500,000 have been paid to ÆTNA ACCIDENT AND HEALTH policy holders. Write, phone, or call and arrange for YOUR policy today.

John F. Gray & Son

Bellefonte - Pa.

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Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

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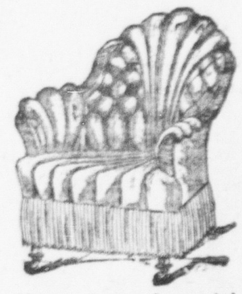

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STETSON HATS

Announcement is made by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the Grand Prize---Highest Award---is conferred on Stetson Hats, for superiority of quality, perfection o workmanship and excellence of style.

This is the tenth great International Award given John B. Stetson Company---beginning with the Centennial in 1876, including three at Paris and those at Chicago and St. Louis, and now culminating with the highest honors at San Francisco.

The award comes on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the John B. Stetson Company---giving official expression to the verdict of the American public, which has made this the largest hat manufacturing enterprise in the world, engaging 5000 skilled workers.

It is significant that the Panama-Pacific Award recognizes not only the products of the Stetson Company, but its advanced measures for health and comfort in working conditions---and its principle of sharing earnings with its employes.

New fall styles in Stetson Hats are now being shown by

Montgomery & Co.